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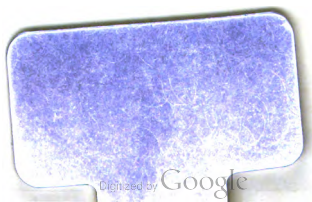
St. Dominic's

Hymn-Book

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# St. Dominic's Hymn-Book

WITH THE

OFFICE OF COMPLINE

ACCORDING TO THE

DOMINICAN RITE.



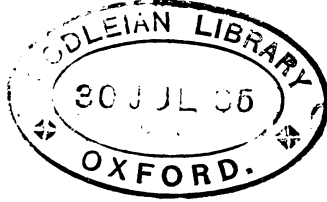
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## Prefatory Note.

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Nos. 9, 11, and 12, by the late Robert Campbell, Esq.; No. 23, by the late R. Campbell, Esq., and J. C. Earle, Esq.; and Nos. 15, 24, 26, 29, 77, 81, and 83 by the late Very Rev. Father Aylward, O.P.

Two hymns—Nos. 45 and 46—appear for the first time.

Sincere thanks are returned for much kind information and assistance received; and should any rights of publication have been unwittingly infringed, earnest apologies are offered.



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## HYMNS, ETC.

## Advent.

No.

1. Hark, an awful voice is sounding . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*
2. Dear Maker of the starry skies . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*
3. Like the dawning of the morning . . . . . *Faber.*

## Christmas.

4. Angels we have heard on high . . . . .
5. Adeste, fidèles . . . . .
6. Ye faithful, approach ye . . . . . *tr. Oakeley.*
7. See, amid the winter's snow . . . . . *Caswall.*
8. Stars of glory, shine more brightly . . . . . *Husenbeth.*

## Epiphany and Holy Name.

9. What beauteous sun-surpassing star . . . . . *tr. Campbell.*
10. Jesus, the only thought of thee . . . . . *tr. from St. Bernard.*

## Lent.

11. O gracious Lord, Creator dear . . . . . *tr. Campbell.*
12. Again the time appointed see . . . . . *tr. Campbell.*
13. Now are the days of humblest prayer . . . . . *Faber.*
14. Miserere mei, Deus . . . . . *Psalm 50.*

## Passion-Week.

15. Stabat Mater dolorosa — Weeping }  
sore, the Mother stood . . . . . } *tr. Aylward.*
16. O'erwhelmed in depths of woe . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*
17. Oh, come and mourn with me awhile . . . . . *Faber.*
18. My Jesus, say, what wretch has }  
dared . . . . . } *tr. from St. Alphonsus.*
19. What a sea of tears and sorrow . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*

## Easter.

20. The dawn was purpling o'er the sky . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*
21. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*
22. All hail, dear Conqueror, all hail . . . . . *Faber*

## Ascension.

No.

23. Thy sacred race, O Lord, is run . . . *tr. Campbell and Earle.*

## Whitsun-Tide.

24. Holy Spirit, come and shine . . . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 25. Veni, Creator Spiritus . . . . .  
 26. Creator-Spirit, all-divine . . . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 27. Holy Ghost, come down upon thy }  
     children . . . . . } . . . . . *Faber.*

## Trinity Sunday.

28. Have mercy on us, God most high . . . . . *Faber.*

## Corpus Christi.

29. Pange lingua gloriosi corporis—Sing, }  
     my joyful tongue, the mystery . . } . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 30. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all . . . . . *Faber.*  
 31. When the Patriarch was returning . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*

## Sacred Heart of Jesus.

32. To Christ, the Prince of peace . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*  
 33. To Jesus' Heart, all burning . . . . . *tr. Christie.*

## The Precious Blood.

34. Hail, Jesus, hail, who for my sake . . . . . *Faber.*

## Feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

35. Ave maris stella—Hail, thou Star of ocean . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 36. Daily, daily, sing to Mary . . . . . *Birmingham Oratory.*  
 37. Hail, Queen of heaven, the ocean star . . . . . *Lingard.*  
 38. Look down, O Mother Mary . . . *tr. from St. Alphonsus.*  
 39. Mother of mercy, day by day . . . . . *Faber.*

**Immaculate Conception.**

No.

40. O purest of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid . . . *Faber.*  
 41. O Mother ! I could weep for mirth . . . . . *Faber.*

**Assumption.**

42. Sing, sing, ye Angel bands . . . . . *Faber.*

**Month of Mary.**

43. Joy of my heart ! oh let me pay . . . . . *Faber.*  
 44. This is the image of our Queen . . . . . *Caswall.*

**Holy Rosary.**

45. The clouds hang thick o'er Israel's camp . . . *A. T. Drane.*  
 46. Queen of the Holy Rosary . . . . . *E. M. S.*  
 47. Hail, full of grace.—Joyful mysteries . . . *P. F. C.*  
 48. Lord, by thy prayer.—Sorrowful mysteries . . *P. F. C.*  
 49. All hail, great Conqueror.—Glorious mysteries *P. F. C.*

**Guardian Angel.**

50. Dear Angel, ever at my side . . . . . *Faber.*

**St. Joseph.**

51. Hail ! holy Joseph, hail . . . . . *Faber.*  
 52. Dear Husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of her Child. *Faber.*

**Ss. Peter and Paul.**

53. It is no earthly summer's ray . . . . . *tr. Faber.*

**St. Dominic.**

54. Sound the mighty champion's praises . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 55. Thou who, hero-like, hast striven . . . . *A. T. Drane.*

**St. George.**

No.

56. O thou, of all thy warriors Lord. . . . . *tr. Caswall.*

**St. Patrick.**

57. Hail, glorious Saint Patrick . . . . .

**St. Thomas Aquinas.**

58. Flower of innocence, Saint Thomas . . . . . *P. F. C.*

**St. Mary Magdalen.**

59. Once a very sinful woman . . . . . *Greene*

**St. Catherine of Siena.**

60. O spouse of Christ, on whom . . . . . *A. T. Drane.*

**All Saints.**

61. O Christ, thy guilty people spare . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*

**All Souls.**

62. De profundis clamavi ad te . . . . . *Psalm 129.*  
 63. Oh, turn to Jesus, Mother, turn . . . . . *Faber.*

**Missions and Retreats.**

64. Hail, holy Mission, hail . . . . . *Chadwick.*  
 65. Oh, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you . . . *Faber.*  
 66. Jesus, my God, behold at length the time . . . *Chadwick.*  
 67. God of mercy and compassion . . . . . *Vaughan.*

## Occasional.

No.

68. My God, how wonderful thou art . . . . . *Faber.*  
 69. I worship thee, sweet Will of God . . . . . *Faber.*  
 70. My God, I love thee, not because . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*  
 71. Jesus is God ; the solid earth . . . . . *Faber.*  
 72. O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord . . . . . *Faber.*  
 73. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling . . . *Faber.*  
 74. O Paradise ! O Paradise . . . . . *Faber.*  
 75. Hark ! the sound of the fight hath gone forth . . . *Faber.*  
 76. Faith of our Fathers ! living still . . . . . *Faber.*

## Evening.

77. O Christ, thou brightness of the day . . . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 78. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . . *Faber.*

## Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

79. O salutaris hostia—O saving Victim . . . . . *tr. Caswall.*  
 80. Litany of the Blessed Virgin . . . . .  
 81. Tantum ergo Sacramentum—Where- }  
     fore this dread Host adoring . . . } . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
 82. Adoremus in æternum . . . . .  
 83. Adoro te devote, latens Deitas—Thee }  
     prostrate I adore, the Deity that } . . . *tr. Aylward.*  
     lies . . . . . }  
 84. Ave verum Corpus natum—Hail to }  
     thee ! true Body, sprung . . . . } . . . *tr. Caswall.*  
 85. Inviolata, intacta, et casta es—Spot- }  
     less and pure, Mary immaculate . } . . . *tr. P. F. C.*  
 86. Te Deum laudamus . . . . .

- 
87. Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus.

## PRAYER BEFORE COMPLINE.

**O** SACRUM convivium, in quo Christus admittitur! recólitur memória pássionis ejus: mens implétur grátia: et fúturæ glória nobis pignus datur.

*V.* Panem de coelo præstitisti eis.

*R.* Omne delectaméntum in se habéntem.

OREMUS.

**D**EUS, qui nobis sub Sacraménto mirábili Passiónis tuæ memóriam reliquisti; tribue, quæsumus, ita nos Córporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mystéria venerári, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis júgiter sentiámus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculórum. *R.* Amen.

Dómine in unióné illius divínæ intentionis, qua ipse in terris laudes Deo persolvisti, has tibi hucus persólvo.

**O** SACRED banquet, wherein Christ is received, the memory of his Passion is renewed, the soul is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given to us.

*V.* Thou didst give them bread from heaven.

*R.* Containing in itself all sweetness.

LET US PRAY.

**O** GOD, who in this wonderful Sacrament has left us a memorial of thy Passion; grant us, we beseech thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of thy Body and Blood, that we may continually feel in our souls the fruit of thy redemption. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. *R.* Amen.

O Lord, in union with that divine intention wherewith thou didst when on earth praise God, I offer these prayers to thee.

## PRAYER AFTER COMPLINE.

**S**ACROSANCTÆ et individuæ Trinitáti, crucifixi Domini nostri Jesu Christi humanitati, beatissimæ et gloriosissimæ semperque Virginis Mariæ fecundæ integratæ et ómnium Sanctorum universitatí sit sempiterna laus, honor, virtus, et glória ab omni creatúra; nobisque remissio ómnium peccatórum, per infinita sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

*V.* Beáta viscera Mariæ Virginis, quæ portavérunt ætérni Patrís Fillum.

*R.* Et beáta úbera quæ lactavérunt Christum Dóminum.

*Pater noster. Ave Maria.*

**T**O the most holy and undivided Trinity, to the humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ crucified, to the fruitful virginity of the most blessed and glorious Mary ever Virgin, and to the whole company of saints, be for ever praise, honour, power, and glory from every creature; and to us be remission of all sins, world without end. Amen.

*V.* Blessed is the womb of Mary the Virgin, which bore the Son of the Eternal Father.

*R.* And blessed are the breasts which gave suck to Christ the Lord.

*Our Father. Hail Mary.*

# COMPLINE.

---

*At the beginning of Compline the people stand.*

**J**UBE domne, benedícere.

**PRAY**, Father, give the blessing.

## THE BLESSING.

**N**OCTEM quiétam, et finem perfectum tribuat nobis omnipotens et misericors Dóminus. *R. Amen.*

**M**AY the Almighty and merciful Lord grant us a quiet night, and perfect end. *R. Amen.*

## SHORT LESSON. 1 Peter v. 8.

**F**RATRES, sóbrii estóte, et vigiláte : quia adversarius vester diábolus tamquam leo rúgiens circuit, quærens quem dévoret : cui resistite, fortes in fide. Tu autem, Dómine, miserére nostri.

*R. Deo grátias.*

*V. Adjutórium nostrum in nómine Dómini. R. Qui fecit cælum et terram.*

*Pater noster, secreto.*

*Priest. Confíteor, etc.*

*Choir. Misereátur tui om-*

**B**RETHREN, be sober and watch : because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour ; whom resist ye, strong in faith. But do thou, O Lord, have mercy on us.

*R. Thanks be to God.*

*V. Our help is in the name of the Lord. R. Who hath made heaven and earth.*

*Our Father, in silence.*

*Priest. I confess, etc.*

*Choir. May Almighty God*



nípotens Deus, et dimíttat tibi ómnia peccáta tua, líberet te ab omni malo; salvet et confirmet in omni ópere bono, et perdúcat te ad vitam ætérnam.

*Priest.* Amen.

*Choir.* Confíteor Deo omnipoténti, et beátæ Mariæ semper Vírgini, et beáto Domínico Patri nostro, et ómnibus Sanctis, et tibi, Pater, quia peccávi nimis cogitátione, locútione, ópere, et omissióne, mea culpa: precor te oráre pro me.

*Priest.* Misereatur, etc.

*V.* Convérte nos, Deus salutáris noster. *R.* Et avérte iram tuam a nobis.

*V.* Deus, in adjutórium meum inténde. *R.* Dómine, ✠ ad adjuvándum me festína.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui sancto. Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et semper, et in saécula sæculórum. Amen.

Alleluia.

*From Septuagesima until the end of Lent instead of Alleluia is said:*

Laus tibi, Dómine, Rex ætérnæ glóriæ.

*Antíphon.* Miserére.

*The people sit during the Psalms.*

have mercy on thee, and forgive thee all thy sins, deliver thee from every evil; preserve and strengthen thee in every good work, and bring thee to life everlasting.

*Priest.* Amen.

*Choir.* I confess to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary ever Virgin, to Blessed Dominic our Father, to all Saints, and to thee, Father: that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, deed, and omission, through my fault: I beseech thee to pray for me.

*Priest.* May Almighty God, etc.

*V.* Convert us, O God, our Saviour. *R.* And turn away thy anger from us.

*V.* O God, come to my assistance. *R.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Alleluia.

Praise be to thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory. Have mercy.

## PSALM IV.

**CUM** invocárem exaudivit  
me Deus justítiæ meæ : \*  
in tribulátione dilatásti  
mihi.

2. Miserére mei : \* et ex-  
aúdi oratióem meam.

3. Fílii hóminum úsque-  
quo gravi corde : \* ut quid  
diligitis vanitátem, et quæ-  
ritis mendácium ?

4. Et scitóte quóniam mi-  
rificávit Dóminus sanctum  
suum : \* Dóminus exaúdiet  
me, cum clamávero ad eum.

5. Irascimini, et nolíte  
peccáre : \* quæ dicitis in cór-  
dibus vestris, in cubilibus  
vestris compungimini.

6. Sacrificáte sacrificium  
justítiæ, et speráte in Dó-  
mino : \* multi dicunt : quis  
osténdit nobis bona ?

7. Signátum est super nos  
lumen vultus tui Dómine : \*  
dedisti lætítiam in corde  
meo.

8. A fructu fruménti, vini,  
et ólei sui : \* multiplicáti  
sunt.

9. In pace in idípsum : \*  
dórmiam, et requiéscam.

10. Quóniam tu, Dómine,  
singuláriter in spe : \* con-  
stituísti me.

Glória Patri et Fílio : \*  
et Spíritui sancto.

Sicut erat in princípío, et

**WHEN** I called upon him,  
the God of my justice  
heard me : when I was in  
distress thou hast enlarged  
me.

Have mercy on me : and  
hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how  
long will ye be dull of  
heart : why do you love  
vanity and seek after lying ?

Know ye also that the  
Lord hath made his Holy  
One wonderful : the Lord  
will hear me, when I shall  
cry unto him.

Be ye angry, and sin not :  
the things you say in your  
hearts, be sorry for them  
upon your beds.

Offer up the sacrifice of  
justice, and trust in the Lord :  
many say : Who sheweth us  
good things ?

The light of thy counte-  
nance, O Lord, is signed  
upon us : thou hast given  
gladness in my heart.

By the fruit of their corn,  
their wine and oil : they  
are multiplied.

In peace in the selfsame :  
I will sleep and I will rest.

For thou, O Lord : singu-  
larly hast settled me in  
hope.

Glory be to the Father  
and to the Son : and to the  
Holy Ghost. As it was in

nunc et semper : \* et in sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

PSALM XXX.

**I**N te Dómine sperávi, non confúndar in ætérnum : \* in justítia tua líbera me.

**I**N thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded : deliver me in thy justice.

2. Inclína ad me aurem tuam : \* accélera ut éruas me.

Bow down thy ear to me : make haste to deliver me.

3. Esto mihi in Deum protectórem, et in domum refúgii : \* ut salvum me fácias.

Be thou unto me a God, a protector, and a house of refuge : to save me.

4. Quóniam fortitúdo mea, et refúgium meum es tu : \* et propter nomen tuum dedúces me, et enútries me.

For thou art my strength and my refuge : and for thy name's sake thou wilt lead me and nourish me.

5. Edúces me de láqueo hoc, quem abscondérunt mihi : \* quóniam tu es protectór meus.

Thou wilt bring me out of this snare which they have hidden for me : for thou art my protector.

6. In manus tuas comméndo spíritum meum : \* redemísti me, Dómine Deus veritátis.

Into thy hands I commend my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth.

Glória Patri et Fílio : \* et Spíritui sancto.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper : \* et in saécula sæculórum. Amen.

PSALM XC.

*In Easter Week (see page 28) and Whitsun Week this Psalm is omitted.*

**Q**UI hábitat in adjutório Altíssimi : \* in protectióne Dei cœli commorábitur.

**H**E that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High : shall abide under the protection of the God of heaven.

2. Dicet Dómino : sus-  
céptor meus es tu, et refú-  
gium meum : \* Deus meus,  
sperábo in eum.

3. Quóniam ipse liberávit  
me de láqueo venántium : \*  
et a verbo áspero.

4. Scápolis suis obum-  
brábit tibi : \* et sub pennis  
ejus sperábis.

5. Scuto circúmdabit te  
véritas ejus : \* non timébis  
a timóre noctúrno.

6. A sagittá volánte in  
die, † a negótio perambu-  
lánte in ténebris : \* ab in-  
cúrsu, et dæmónio meridi-  
áno.

7. Cadent a látere tuo  
mille, † et decem míllia a  
dextris tuis : \* ad te autem  
non appropinquábit.

8. Verúmtamen óculis tuis  
considerábis : \* et retribu-  
tiónem peccatórum vidébis.

9. Quóniam tu es, Dó-  
mine, spes mea : \* Altís-  
simum posuísti refúgium  
tuum.

10. Non accédet ad te  
malum : \* et flagéllum non  
appropinquábit tabernáculo  
tuo.

11. Quóniam Angelis suis  
mandávit de te : \* ut cus-  
tódiant te in ómnibus viis  
tuis.

He shall say to the Lord :  
Thou art my protector and  
my refuge : my God, in him  
will I trust.

For he hath delivered  
me from the snare of the  
hunters : and from the sharp  
sword.

He will overshadow thee  
with his shoulders : and  
under his wing thou shalt  
trust.

His truth shall compass  
thee with a shield : thou  
shalt not be afraid of the  
terror of the night.

Of the arrow that flieth  
in the day, of the business  
that walketh about in the  
dark : of invasion, and of  
the noonday devil.

A thousand shall fall at  
thy side, and ten thousand  
at thy right hand : but the  
evil shall not come nigh  
thee.

But thou shalt consider  
with thy eyes : and shalt  
see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou, O Lord, art  
my hope : thou hast made  
the Most High thy refuge.

There shall no evil cometo  
thee : nor shall the scourge  
come near thy dwelling.

For he hath given his  
angels charge over thee :  
to keep thee in all thy  
ways.

12. In mánuibus portábunt te : \* ne forte offéndas ad lápidem pedem tuum.

13. Super áspidem, et basiliscum ambulábis : \* et conculcábis leónem et dracónem.

14. Quóniam in me sperávit, liberábo eum : \* prótegam eum, quóniam cognóvit nomen meum.

15. Clamábit ad me, et ego exáudiam eum : ; cum ipso sum in tribulátione : \* erípiam eum, et glorificábo eum.

16. Longitúdine diérum replébo eum : \* et osténdam illi salutáre meum.

Glória Patri et Fílio : \* et Spíritui sancto.

Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et semper : \* et in saécula saeculórum. Amen.

In their hands they shall bear thee up : lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk : and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon.

Because he hoped in me, I will deliver him : I will protect him, because he hath known my name.

He shall cry to me, and I will hear him : I am with him in tribulation : I will deliver him, and will glorify him.

I will fill him with length of days : and I will show him my salvation.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

# PSALM CXXXIII.

**E**CCE nunc benedicite Dóminum : \* omnes servi Dómini.

2. Qui statis in domo Dómini : \* in átriis domus Dei nostri.

3. In nóctibus extóllite manus vestras in sancta : \* et benedicite Dóminum.

4. Benedícat te Dóminus ex Sion : \* qui fecit cœlum et terram.

Glória Patri et Fílio : \* et Spíritui sancto.

**B**EHOLD now bless ye the Lord : all ye servants of the Lord :

Who stand in the house of the Lord : in the courts of the house of our God.

In the nights lift up your hands to the holy places : and bless ye the Lord.

May the Lord out of Sion bless thee : he that made heaven and earth.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son : and to the

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper : \* et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

*Antiphon.* Miserere mei Dómine, et exáudi orationem meam.

*Antiphon in Paschal time.* Allelúia, allelúia, allelúia, allelúia.

Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, and graciously hear my prayer.

*Here the people rise, and remain standing until the Blessing.*

### LITTLE CHAPTER. Jer. xiv. 9.

**TU** in nobis es, Dómine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocátum est super nos : ne derelínquas nos, Dómine Deus noster.

R. Deo grátias.

**THOU**, O Lord, art among us, and thy holy name is invoked upon us : forsake us not, O Lord our God.

R. Thanks be to God.

### RESPONSORY.

*From the first Sunday of Lent until the eve of Passion Sunday, see page 25.*

**I**N manus tuas, Dómine, comméndo spíritum meum.

In manus tuas, etc.

V. Redemísti me, Dómine, Deus veritátis.

Comméndo spíritum meum.

V. Glória Patri, et Filio, et Spíritui sancto.

In manus tuas, Dómine, comméndo spíritum meum.

**I**NTO thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

Into thy hands, etc.

V. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth.

I commend my spirit.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, etc.

Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

*On greater doubles, within solemn octaves, and in Paschal time, the Responsory is said as follows :*

**I**N manus tuas, Dómine,  
comméndo spíritum  
meum. Allelúia, allelúia.

In manus tuas, etc.

V. Redemísti me, Dó-  
mine, Deus veritátis.

Allelúia, allelúia.

V. Glória Patri et Filio :  
et Spíritui sancto.

In manus tuas, Dómine,  
comméndo spíritum meum.  
Allelúia, allelúia.

**I**NTO thy hands, O Lord,  
I commend my spirit.  
Alleluia, alleluia.

Into thy hands, etc.

V. Thou hast redeemed  
me, O Lord, the God of  
truth.

Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Glory be to the Father  
and to the Son, etc.

Into thy hands, O Lord,  
I commend my spirit. Alle-  
luia, alleluia.

### HYMN.

*In Lent see page 25, and in Paschal time, page 29.*

**T**HE lucis ante términum,  
Rerum créator, pósci-  
mus,  
Ut sólita cleméntia  
Sis præsul ad custódiam.

Procul recédant sómnia  
Et nóctium phantásmata ;  
Hostémque nostrum cóm-  
prime  
Ne polluéantur córpora.

**B**EFORE the closing of  
the day, [pray,  
Creator, thee we humbly  
That, for thy wonted mercy's  
sake, [take.  
Thou us into protection

May nothing in our minds  
excite [of the night ;  
Vain dreams and phantoms  
Our enemy repress, that so  
Our bodies no uncleanness  
know.

*[On Feasts of our Lady, next verse Maria mater gratiæ.]*

Præsta, Pater omnípotens,  
Per Jesum Christum Domi-  
num,  
Qui tecum in perpétuum,  
Regnat cum sancto Spíritu.  
Amen.

Almighty Father, this ac-  
cord [Son, our Lord ;  
Through Jesus Christ thy  
Who, with the Holy Ghost  
and thee  
Doth live and reign eter-  
nally. Amen.

*This last verse varies on certain days (see pages 23, 24, 31) ; and on Feasts of our Lady the two following verses are sung in its place :*

**Maria, mater grátiae,  
Mater misericórdiae,  
Tu nos ab hoste prótege,  
Et hora mortis suscipe.**

**Glória tibi, Dómine,  
Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Cum Patre et sancto Spíritu,  
In sempitérna sæcula.**

**Amen.**

**V. Custódi nos, Dómine,  
ut pupillam óculi.**

**R. Sub umbra alárum  
tuárum prótege nos.**

**Antiphon. Salva nos.**

**O Mary, mother of all grace  
And mercy to our sinful  
race, [power,  
Protect us from the demon's  
And take us at life's closing  
hour.**

**All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, o'er all  
adored, [greet  
And equal praise for ever  
The Father and the Para-  
clete. Amen.**

**V. Keep us, O Lord, as  
the apple of thine eye.**

**R. Protect us under the  
shadow of thy wings.  
Save us.**

# **NUNC DIMITTIS. S. Luke ii.**

**NUNC dimíttis servum  
tuum, Dómine: \* se-  
cúndum verbum tuum in  
pace.**

**Quia vidérent óculi mei: \*  
salutare tuum.**

**Quod parásti: \* ante fá-  
ciem ómnium populórum.**

**Lumen ad revelatiónem  
gentium: \* et gloriam ple-  
bis tuæ Israel.**

**Gloria Patri et Fílio: \*  
et Spíritui sancto.**

**Sicut erat in princípío,  
et nunc, et semper: \* et in  
sæcula sæculorum. Amen.**

**Antiphon. Salva nos, Dó-  
mine, vigilántes, custódi nos  
dormiéntes: ut vigilémus**

**NOW dost thou dismiss  
thy servant, O Lord,  
in peace: according to thy  
word.**

**For mine eyes have seen:  
thy salvation.**

**Which thou hast pre-  
pared: before the face of all  
people:**

**A light to enlighten the  
Gentiles: and the glory of  
thy people Israel.**

**Glory be to the Father, and  
to the Son: and to the Holy  
Ghost. As it was in the  
beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be: world without  
end. Amen.**

**Save us, O Lord, when  
we are awake, and keep us  
while we sleep: that we**



cum Christo, et requiescāmus in pace.

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

OREMUS.

**V**ISITA, quæsumus Dómine, habitatióem istam, et omnes insídias inimici ab ea longe repélle : et Angeli tui sancti habitántes in ea, nos in pace custódiant, et benedictio tua sit super nos semper. Per Dóminum.

R. Amen.

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

V. Benedicāmus Dómino.

R. Deo grátias.

may watch with Christ, and rest in peace.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

**V**ISIT, we beseech thee, O Lord, this habitation, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy : let thy holy angels dwell herein, to keep us in peace : and may thy blessing be always upon us. Through our Lord, etc. R. Amen.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

V. Let us bless the Lord.

R. Thanks be to God.

*Here the people kneel.*

**B**ENEDICTIO Dei omnipoténtis Patris, † et Fílii, et Spírítus sancti, descéndat super nos et máneat semper. R. Amen.

**M**AY the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon us and remain with us always. R. Amen.

## THE PROCESSION.

NOTE.—For greater solemnity and devotion, the following Antiphon to the Blessed Virgin is sung in procession, and during it the priest blesses those present with holy water. This procession has been customary in all Dominican churches since the year 1226, when it was instituted by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the immediate successor of St. Dominic in the government of his Order. Pope Paul V. granted an indulgence of 200 days to all the faithful each time they should assist at it.

**S**ALVE, Regína, Mater misericórdiæ,  
Vita, dulcédo, et spes nostra salve,  
Ad te clamámus, éxules filii Evæ.

**H**AIL, holy Queen, Mother of mercy,  
Hail, our life, our sweetness, and our hope.  
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve.

Ad te suspirámus geméntes  
et flentes in hac lacry-  
márum valle.

Eia ergo, advocáta nostra,  
illos tuos misericórdes ócu-  
los ad nos convérte.

Et Jesum, benedíctum  
fructum ventris tui, nobis  
post hoc exílium osténde.

O clemens,

O pia,

O dulcis Virgo Maria.

To thee do we send up  
our sighs, mourning and  
weeping in this vale of  
tears.

Turn, then, most gracious  
advocate, thine eyes of mercy  
towards us.

And after this our exile,  
shew unto us the blessed  
fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

O clement,

O loving,

O sweet Virgin Mary.

*In Paschal time, Alleluia.*

V. Dignáre me laudáre  
te, Virgo sacráta.

R. Da mihi virtútem con-  
tra hostes tuos.

V. Vouchsafe that I may  
praise thee, O sacred Virgin.

R. Give me strength  
against thine enemies.

OREMUS.

CONCEDE nos fámulos  
tuos, quaésumus, Dó-  
mine Deus, perpétua mentis  
et córporis salúte gaudére,  
et gloriósa beátæ Mariæ  
semper Vírginis interces-  
sione, a presénti liberári  
tristítia, et ætérna pérfrui  
lætítia. Per Christum Dó-  
minum nostrum. R. Amen.

LET US PRAY.

GRANT to us thy ser-  
vants, we beseech thee,  
O Lord God, to enjoy per-  
petual health of mind and  
body, and, by the glorious  
intercession of blessed Mary  
ever Virgin, to be delivered  
from present sorrow and  
to enjoy eternal gladness.  
Through, etc. R. Amen.

*Then, as the procession returns, is sung this Antiphon to  
St. Dominic.*

O LUMEN Ecclésiæ,  
Doctor veritátis,  
Rosa patiéntiæ,  
Ebur castitátis.

O LIGHT of holy Church,  
Teacher of truth divine !  
Sweet rose of patience, ivory  
white  
Thy chastity doth shine.

Aquam sapiéntiæ  
Propinásti gratis ;  
Prædicátor grátiaë,  
Nos junge beátis.

Of wisdom's living waters  
All freely thou hast given :  
O messenger of grace to men,  
Lift thou our souls to heaven.

*In Paschal time, Alleluia.*

V. Ora pro nobis, beáte  
Pater Dominice.

R. Ut digni efficiámur  
promissionibus Christi.

V. Pray for us, O holy  
Father St. Dominic.

R. That we may be made  
worthy of the promises of  
Christ.

OREMUS.

CONCEDE, quæsumus,  
omnipotens Deus : ut  
qui peccatorum nostrorum  
póndere prémimur, beati  
Domínici Confessóris tui,  
Patris nostri, patrocínio sub-  
levémur. Per Christum Dó-  
minum nostrum.

R. Amen.

Fidélium ánimæ per mi-  
sericórdiam Dei requiéscant  
in pace.

R. Amen.

Pater noster. Credo.

LET US PRAY.

GRANT, we beseech thee,  
Almighty God, that we  
who are weighed down by  
the burden of our sins may  
be relieved by the interces-  
sion of the blessed Domi-  
nic, thy Confessor and our  
Father. Through Christ  
our Lord.

R. Amen.

May the souls of the faith-  
ful through the mercy of  
God rest in peace.

R. Amen.

Our Father. I believe.



# ANTIPHONS, HYMNS, ETC., FOR VARIOUS SEASONS.

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*The following Antiphons are appointed to be used after the Psalms and Nunc dimittis in place of the ordinary ones beginning Miserere and Salva nos respectively.*

## CHRISTMAS-EVE.

*After the Psalms.*

**C**OMPLETI sunt dies Mar-  
iæ, ut pareret Filium  
suum primogénitum.

**T**HE days of Mary were  
fulfilled, that she should  
bring forth her first-born  
Son.

*After Nunc dimittis.*

Ecce complétasunt ómnia,  
quæ dicta sunt per Angelum  
de Vírgine María.

Behold all things were ac-  
complished, which were said  
by the Angel, of the Virgin  
Mary.

## CHRISTMAS-DAY, AND UNTIL THE EVE OF THE EPIPHANY.

*After the Psalms.*

**N**ATUS est nobis hódie  
Salvátor, qui est Christus  
Dóminus, in civitaté David.

**T**O-DAY is born to us a  
Saviour, who is Christ  
the Lord, in the city of David.

*After Nunc dimittis.*

Allelúia. Verbum caro  
factum est, allelúia : et ha-  
bitávit in nobis, allelúia,  
allelúia.

Alleluia. The Word was  
made flesh, alleluia : and  
dwelt amongst us, alleluia,  
alleluia.

*From Christmas-eve until the Eve of the Epiphany the third verse of the hymn Te lucis ante terminum is sung thus :*

Glória tibi, Dómine,  
Qui natus es de Vírgine,  
Cum Patre et sancto Spíritu,  
In sempitérna sæcula.  
Amen.

All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, o'er all  
adored, [greet,  
And equal praise for ever  
The Father and the Para-  
clete. Amen.

## EPIPHANY, AND DURING THE OCTAVE.

*After the Psalms.*

LUX de luce apparuisti,  
Christe, cui Magi  
múnera offerunt, allelúia,  
allelúia, allelúia.

THOU, O Christ, Light of  
light, hast appeared, to  
whom the Magi offered gifts,  
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

*After Nunc dimittis.*

Allelúia. Omnes de Saba  
vénient, allelúia : aurum  
et thus deferéntes, allelúia,  
allelúia.

Alleluia. All shall come  
from Saba, alleluia : bring-  
ing gold and frankincense,  
alleluia, alleluia.

*At the same time the third verse of the hymn Te lucis ante termi-  
num is sung thus :*

Glória tibi, Dómine,  
Qui apparuisti hódie,  
Cum Patre et sancto Spíritu,  
In sempitérna sæcula.  
Amen.

All glory, Lord, to thee we  
pay, [shines to-day ;  
Whose light so brightly  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To Father and to Para-  
clete. Amen.

*Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany is the feast of the*

FINDING OF OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE,\*

*when the Antiphons are as follows :*

*After the Psalms.*

INVENERUNT Jesum  
paréntes ejus in templo  
sedéntem in médi doctórum.

HIS parents found Jesus  
in the temple, sitting  
in the midst of the doctors.

*After Nunc dimittis.*

Allelúia. Stupébant om-  
nes, qui eum audiébant, alle-  
lúia : super prudéntia et re-  
spónsis ejus, allelúia, allelúia.

Alleluia. All that heard  
him were astonished, alle-  
luia : at his wisdom and  
answers, alleluia, alleluia.

*And the third verse of the hymn is sung thus :*

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Qui te revélas ánxiiis,  
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu  
In sempitérna sæcula.  
Amen.

Jesu, be glory thine, who art  
The light that cheers the  
anxious heart ;  
Be glory, as is ever meet,  
To Father and to Paraclete.  
Amen.

\* When the Epiphany falls on Sunday, this festival is kept on the fol-  
lowing Wednesday.

## LENT, BEGINNING FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY.

## RESPONSORY.

*Sung in place of In manus tuas, Domine, until the Eve of Passion Sunday.*

**I**N pace, in idípsum, dór-  
miam et requiêscam.

*V.* Si dédero somnum  
óculis meis et pálpebris  
meis dormitatióem.

Dórmiam et requiêscam.

Glória Patri et Filio, et  
Spíritui sancto.

In pace, in idípsum, dór-  
miam et requiêscam.

**I**N peace, in the selfsame,  
I will sleep and rest.

If I should give peace to  
my eyes and slumber to my  
eyelids.

I will sleep and rest.

Glory be to the Father,  
and to the Son, etc.

In peace, in the selfsame,  
I will sleep and rest.

## HYMN.

*In place of Te lucis ante terminum until Maundy Thursday.*

**C**HRISTE, qui lux es et  
dies,

Nootis tenébras détegis,  
Lucisque lumen créderis,  
Lumen beátum prædicans.

**C**HRIST of our souls the  
noonday bright,

All darkness flies before  
thy ray ; [light,  
We own thee very Light of  
That telleth of the blissful  
day.

Precámur, sancte Dómine,  
Defénde nos in hac nocte ;  
Sit nobis in te réquies,  
Quiétam noctem tribue.

Most holy Lord, we pray  
thee then,  
Throughout this night our  
guardian be ; [pose  
Grant to us now to find re-  
And our eternal rest in  
thee.

Ne gravis somnus irruat,  
Nec hostis nos subrípiat,  
Nec caro illi conséntiens  
Nos tibi reos státuat.

Let us not sleep the sleep of  
death, [prise ;  
Nor any foe our souls sur-  
Lest evil promptings win  
consent, [eyes.  
And find us guilty in thine

B

Oculi somnum cápíant,  
Cor ad te semper vígilet:  
Délixtera tua prótegat  
Fámulos, qui te díligunt.

Though sleep our eyelids  
close, our hearts  
Shall ever watch, O Lord,  
to thee ; [thy hand  
Who love thee well, beneath  
Shall rest in sweet secu-  
rity.

Defénsor noster, áspice,  
Insidiántes réprime :  
Gubérna tuos fámulos,  
Quos sáanguine mercátus es.  
[Kneel at last line.]

Look on us, Lord ; in thee  
we trust  
To crush the tempter's  
every scheme ;  
Thy servants guide and rule,  
whom thou  
Didst with thy precious  
blood redeem.

Meménto nostri, Dómine,  
In gravi isto córpore :  
Qui es defénsor ánimæ,  
Adéstó nobis, Dómine.

Be mindful of us, Lord, the  
while [we bear ;  
This burden of the flesh  
Defender of the soul, vouch-  
safe [presence near.  
Our souls may find thy

Præsta, Pater omnípotens,  
Per Jesum Christum Domi-  
num,  
Qui tecum in perpétuum  
Regnat cum sancto Spírítu.  
Amen.

Almighty Father, hear our  
cry, [whom all adore ;  
Through Jesus Christ,  
Who in the Spirit's unity,  
Reigneth with thee for  
evermore. Amen.

V. Custódi nos, Dómine,  
ut pupíllam óculi.  
R. Sub umbra alárum  
tuárum prótege nos.

V. Keep us, O Lord, as  
the apple of thine eye.  
R. Protect us under the  
shadow of thy wings.

*Then Nunc dimittis (page 19), with one of the following antiphons,  
according to the time.*

ANTIPHONS AFTER *NUNC DIMITTIS*.I. *For the first and second weeks of Lent.*

**E**VIGILA super nos, ætérne Salvátor, ne nos apprehéndat cállidus tentátor, quia tu factus es nobis sempitérnus adjutor.

**W**ATCH over us, O everlasting Redeemer, lest we be ensnared by the wily tempter, for thou art our never-failing helper.

II. *For the third and fourth weeks.*

**M**EDIA vita in morte sumus : quem quaérimus adjutórem, nisi te, Dómine ? qui pro peccátis nostris juste irásceris : Sancte Deus, Sancte fortis, Sancte et miséricors Salvátor, amáræ morti ne tradas nos.

**I**N the midst of life we are in death : what helper shall we seek save thee, O Lord, who art justly angry on account of our sins ? O holy God, holy and strong, holy and merciful Redeemer, deliver us not to a bitter death.

V. Ne projícias nos in témpore senectútis : cum defécerit virtus nostra, ne derelínquas nos, Dómine.

Sancte Deus, Sancte fortis, Sancte et miséricors Salvátor, amáræ morti ne tradas nos.

V. Cast us not away in the time of our old age : when our strength shall fail, do not forsake us, O Lord.

O holy God, holy and strong, holy and merciful Redeemer, deliver us not to a bitter death.

III. *For the fifth and sixth weeks.*

**O** REX glorióse inter Sanctos tuos, qui semper es laudábilis et tamen ineffábilis : tu in nobis es, Dómine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocátum est super nos, ne derelínquas nos, Deus noster ; ut in die judicii nos collocare dignéris inter sanctos et electos tuos, Rex benedicte.

**O** KING, glorious among thy saints, who art always adorable and still ineffable : thou art with us, O Lord, and thy name is invoked upon us ; do not thou, our God, forsake us ; that in the day of judgment thou mayst deign to place us among thy holy and chosen ones, O blessed King.



## EASTER-DAY, AND THE WEEK FOLLOWING.

*Only three Psalms are chanted, with the antiphon Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*

*Then, the Chapter and Hymn being omitted, is sung immediately this Responsory :*

**H**ÆC dies, quam fecit Dóminus : exultémus et lætémur in ea.

**T**HIS is the day, which the Lord hath made : let us rejoice and be glad in it.

*The Canticle Nunc dimittis (page 19) follows, and after it this antiphon :*

Alleluia. Resurrexit Dóminus, alleluia : sicut dixit vobis, alleluia, alleluia.

*V.* Dóminus vobíscum.

*R.* Et cum spíritu tuo.

Alleluia. The Lord is risen, alleluia : as he said to you, alleluia, alleluia.

*V.* The Lord be with you.

*R.* And with thy spirit.

## OREMUS.\*

**S**PIRITUM nobis, Dómine, tuæ charitátis infúnde ; ut quos Sacraméntis Paschálibus satiásti, tua facias pietáte concórdes. Per Dóminum nostrum Jesum Christum Fílium tuum, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitáte ejúsdem, etc.

*R.* Amen.

*V.* Dominus vobiscum.

*R.* Et cum Spíritu tuo.

*V.* Benedicamus Domino.

*R.* Deo gratias.

## LET US PRAY.

**I**NFUSE into us, O Lord, the spirit of thy love, that of thy mercy thou mayst unite us in charity, whom thou hast satisfied with the Paschal Sacraments. Through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who liveth and reigneth, etc.

*R.* Amen.

*V.* The Lord be with you.

*R.* And with thy spirit.

*V.* Let us bless the Lord.

*R.* Thanks be to God.

\* On the Wednesday the usual prayer *Visita, quæsumus* (page 20) is resumed.

## PASCHAL TIME.

*From Low Sunday until the Eve of Trinity Sunday.*

## HYMN.

JESU nostra redemptio,  
 Amor, et desiderium :  
 Deus creátor ómnium  
 Homo in fine témporum.

Quæ te vicit cleméntia,  
 Ut ferres nostra crimina,  
 Crudélem mortem pátiens,  
 Ut nos a morte tólleret.

Inferni claustra pénetrans,  
 Tuos captivos rédimens,  
 Victor triúmpho nóbili,  
 Ad dextram Patris residens.

Ipsa te cogat píetas,  
 Ut mala nostra súperes :  
 Parcéndo et voti cómpotes,  
 Nos tuo vultu sátis.

JESU, our ransom from  
 above, [love,  
 Our sole desire, our sweetest  
 Creator God o'er all supreme,  
 Yet shrined within our  
 fleshly frame.

What urgent mercy moved  
 thy breast [that pressed  
 To bear the deadly weight  
 Our souls, and seek a death  
 of pain, [reign ?  
 To free us from its ghastly

Piercing the shadowy depths  
 of hell, [tives well,  
 Thou didst redeem thy cap-  
 Arising with thy triumph  
 train, [to gain.  
 The Father's right-hand seat

Oh, let that mercy move  
 thee still [every ill,  
 To fence us round from  
 And give our souls the  
 crowning grace, [face.  
 To see the glories of thy

*At Ascension and Whitsun-tide, see next pages.*

Quaésumus auctor ómnium,  
 In hoc pascháli gaudio :  
 Ab omni mortis ímpetu,  
 Tuum defénde pópulum.

Glória tibi, Dómine,  
 Qui surrexísti a mórtuis,

We pray thee, maker of all  
 things, [brings,  
 Amid the joy that Easter  
 From deadly sin's assaults  
 defend [the end.  
 And shield thy people to  
 All glory, Lord, to thee we  
 give, [to live  
 Who from the dead again

Cum Patre, et sancto Spí-  
ritu,  
In sempitérna saécula.

Amen.

V. Custódi nos Dómine  
ut pupíllum óculi. Allelúia.

R. Sub umbra alárum  
tuárum prótege nos. Alle-  
lúia.

Didst rise, the everlasting  
Son,  
With Father and with Spirit  
One. Amen.

V. Keep us, O Lord, as  
the apple of thy eye. Alle-  
luia.

R. Protect us under the  
shadow of thy wings. Alle-  
luia.

*Nunc dimittis (page 19) follows, and after it this antiphon :*

Allelúia. Resurréxit Dó-  
minus, allelúia : sicut dixit  
vobis, allelúia, allelúia.

Alleluia. The Lord is  
risen, alleluia : as he said  
to you, alleluia, alleluia.

*The rest as usual.*

#### ASCENSION-DAY, AND DURING THE OCTAVE.

*The last two verses of the Hymn are sung thus :*

**TU** esto nostrum gáudium,  
Qui es futúrus præ-  
míum :  
Sit nostra in te glória  
Per cuncta semper saécula.

**BE** thou our present bliss,  
O Lord, [reward ;  
Who art our future great  
And let our only glory be,  
O Jesu, evermore in thee.

Glória tibi, Dómine,  
Qui scandis supra sídera,  
Cum Patre, et sancto Spí-  
ritu  
In sempitérna saécula.

Amen.

All glory, Lord, to thee be  
given [to heaven,  
Who soar'st above the stars  
To reign, the everlasting  
Son,  
With Father and with Spirit  
One. Amen.

*Antiphon after Nunc dimittis.*

Allelúia. Ascéndens  
Christus in altum, allelúia :  
captívam duxit captivitá-  
tem, allelúia, allelúia.

Alleluia. Christ ascend-  
ing on high, alleluia : led  
captivity captive, alleluia,  
alleluia.

## WHITSUN - DAY, AND WEEK FOLLOWING.

*The last two verses of the Hymn are sung thus :*

**D**UDUM sacrata pectora  
Tua replésti grátia :  
Dimitte nunc peccámina  
Et da quiéta témpora.

Sit laus Patri cum Filio  
Sancto simul Paráclito :  
Nobisque mittat Filius  
Charísma sancti Spíritus.  
Amen.

**L**ONG since thy grace thou  
didst impart, [heart :  
To dwell in each disciple's  
With the same grace our  
sins release, [give peace.  
And in our times, O Lord,

To Sire and Son be praises  
meet,  
And to the holy Paraclete ;  
And may Christ send us  
from above  
That Holy Spirit's gift of  
love. Amen.

*Antiphon after Nunc dimittis.*

Alleluia. Spíritus pará-  
clitus, alleluia : docébit vos  
ómnia, alleluia, alleluia.

Alleluia. The Spirit, the  
Paraclete, alleluia : will  
teach you all things, alle-  
luia, alleluia.

## CORPUS CHRISTI, AND DURING THE OCTAVE.

*The third verse of the Hymn Te lucis ante terminum is sung thus :*

**G**LORIA tibi, Dómine,  
Qui natus es de Vírgine,  
Cum Patre et sancto Spíritu,  
In sempitérna sæcula.  
Amen.

**A**LL glory be to thee, O  
Lord, [adored,  
A Virgin's Son, o'er all  
And equal praise for ever  
greet,  
The Father and the Para-  
clete. Amen.

*Antiphon after Nunc dimittis.*

Alleluia. Panis quem ego  
dédero, alleluia : caro mea  
est pro mundi vita, alleluia,  
alleluia.

Alleluia. The Bread which  
I will give, alleluia : is my  
Flesh for the life of the  
world, alleluia, alleluia.

FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,  
AND THE  
OCTAVES OF HER IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND ASSUMPTION.  
ANTIPHONS.

I. *After the Psalms.*

**V**IRGO Maria, non est tibi  
similis nata in mundo  
inter mulieres; florens ut  
rosa fragrans sicut lilium:  
ora pro nobis, sancta Dei  
Genitrix.

**O** VIRGIN Mary, there is  
none born in this world  
amongst women like unto  
thee; blooming as a rose,  
fragrant as a lily: pray for  
us, O holy Mother of God.

II. *After Nunc dimittis.*

**C**ORDE et ánimo Christo  
canámus glóriam in hac  
sacra solemnitate præcelsæ  
Genitricis Dei Mariæ.

**W**ITH heart and soul let  
us sing glory to Christ  
on this sacred solemnity of  
Mary the illustrious Mother  
of God.

III. *After Nunc dimittis on the Assumption and certain other Feasts.*

**S**UB tuum præsidium con-  
fúgimus, sancta Dei Gé-  
nitrix: nostras deprecaciones  
ne despicias in necessitati-  
bus, sed a periculis cunctis  
libera nos semper Virgo  
benedicta.

**W**E fly to thy patronage,  
O holy mother of God;  
despise not our prayers in  
our necessities, but deliver  
us from all dangers, O ever-  
glorious and blessed Virgin.

PURIFICATION.

IV. *After the Psalms.*

**S**ANCTA Dei Genitrix,  
Virgo semper Maria,  
intercede pro nobis ad Do-  
minum Deum nostrum.

**H**OLY Mother of God,  
Mary ever Virgin, in-  
tercede for us unto the Lord  
our God.

V. *After Nunc dimittis.*

**N**UNC dimittis, Dómine,  
servum tuum in pace,  
quia viderunt óculi mei  
salutare tuum.

**N**OW dost thou dismiss  
thy servant, O Lord, in  
peace; for mine eyes have  
seen thy salvation.

## ANNUNCIATION, AND DURING THE OCTAVE.

VI. *After the Psalms.*

**ECCE** Virgo concípiet, et  
páriet Fílium; et vocá-  
biturnomen ejus Emmánuel.

**BEHOLD** a Virgin shall  
conceive, and bear a  
Son: and his name shall  
be called Emmanuel.

VII. *After Nunc dimittis.*

**ECCE** ancílla Dómini: fiat  
mihi secúndum verbum  
tuum.

**BEHOLD** the handmaid of  
the Lord: be it done unto  
me according to thy word.

*At the Hymn, in place of Præsta, Pater omnipotens, the following  
verses are sung:*

**M**ARIA, mater grátiaë,  
Mater misericórdiaë,  
Tu nos ab hoste prótege,  
Et hora mortis súscipe.

Glória tibi, Dómine,  
Qui natus es de Vírgine,  
Cum Patre et sancto Spírítu,  
In sempitérna sæcula.

Amen.

**O** MARY, mother of all  
grace [race,  
And mercy to our sinful  
Protect us from the demon's  
power, [hour.  
And take us at life's closing  
All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, o'er all  
adored, [greet  
And equal praise for ever  
The Father and the Para-  
clete. Amen.



# H Y M N S.

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## Advent.

1

*En clara vox redarguit.*

**H**ARK, an awful voice is sounding;  
‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say;  
‘Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!’

Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo, the Lamb so long expected  
Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven.

So when next he comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
May he then, as our defender,  
On the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the co-eternal Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

## Advent.

*Creator alme siderum.*

DEAR Maker of the starry skies,  
Light of believers evermore,  
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,  
Be near us who thine aid implore.

When man was sunk in sin and death,  
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,  
Love brought thee down to cure our ills,  
By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men,  
Permitting thy pure blood to flow,  
Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,  
And to the cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,  
If we but chance thy name to sound,  
At once all heaven and hell unite  
In bending low with awe profound.

Great Judge of all, in that last day,  
When friends shall fail, and foes combine,  
Be present then with us, we pray,  
To guard us with thy arm divine.

To God the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,  
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,  
All through the long eternity.



## Advent.

*Our Lady's Expectation.*

LIKE the dawning of the morning,  
On the mountains' golden heights,  
Like the breaking of the moonbeams  
On the gloom of cloudy nights,  
Like a secret told by angels,  
Getting known upon the earth,  
Is the Mother's expectation  
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,  
With the very bliss of heaven,  
Since the angel's salutation  
In thy raptured ear was given ;  
Since the Ave of that midnight  
When thou wert anointed Queen,  
Like a river overflowing  
Hath the grace within thee been.

Thou hast waited, child of David,  
And thy waiting now is o'er ;  
Thou hast seen him, blessed Mother,  
And wilt see him evermore.  
Oh, his human face and features,  
They were passing sweet to see ;  
Thou beholdest them this moment ;  
Mother, show them now to me.

## Christmas.

*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

ANGELS we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your rapturous strain prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be  
Which inspire your heavenly song?  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See him in a manger laid,  
Whom the choirs of angels praise.  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
While our hearts in love we raise.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

# Christmas.

*Adeste, fideles.*

A DESTE, fidèles,  
 Læti triumphāntes ;  
 Veníte, veníte in Bétlehem ;  
 Natum vidéte  
 Regem angelórum :  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus Dóminum.

Deum de Deo,  
 Lumen de lumine,  
 Gestant puéllæ viscera ;  
 Deum verum,  
 Génitum, non factum :  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus Dóminum.

Cantet nunc Io  
 Chorus angelórum,  
 Cantet nunc aula cœléstium,  
 Glória  
 In excélsis Deo ;  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus Dóminum.

Ergo qui natus  
 Die hodiérna,  
 Jesu tibi sit glória ;  
 Patris ætérni  
 Verbum caro factum :  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus,  
 Veníte adorémus Dóminum.

# Christmas.

*Adeste, fideles.*

YE faithful, approach ye,  
 Joyfully triumphing ;  
 Oh come ye, oh come ye, to Bethlehem :  
 Come and behold him  
 Born the King of angels :  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,  
 Light of Light,  
 Lo, he disdains not the Virgin's womb ;  
 Very God,  
 Begotten, not created :  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Sing Alleluia  
 All ye choirs of angels,  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
 Glory to God  
 In the highest :  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
 Born this happy morning ;  
 Jesu, to thee be glory given :  
 Word of the Father  
 Now in flesh appearing :  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him,  
 Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

## Christmas.

*Hail, thou ever-blessed morn.*

SEE, amid the winter's snow,  
 Born for us on earth below ;  
 See, the tender Lamb appears,  
 Promised from eternal years !  
     Hail, thou ever-blessed morn,  
     Hail, Redemption's happy dawn !  
     Sing through all Jerusalem,  
     Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Lo, within a manger lies  
 He who built the starry skies ;  
 He, who throned in height sublime,  
 Sits amid the Cherubim !  
     Hail, thou ever-blessed morn, etc.

Sacred Infant all divine,  
 What a tender love was thine ;  
 Thus to come from highest bliss,  
 Down to such a world as this !  
     Hail, thou ever-blessed morn, etc.

Teach, oh teach us, holy Child,  
 By thy face so meek and mild ;  
 Teach us to resemble thee  
 In thy sweet humility.  
     Hail, thou ever-blessed morn, etc.

Virgin Mother, Mary blest,  
 By the joys that fill thy breast,  
 Pray for us that we may prove  
 Worthy of the Saviour's love.  
     Hail, thou ever-blessed morn,  
     Hail, Redemption's happy dawn !  
     Sing through all Jerusalem,  
     Christ is born in Bethlehem !

# Christmas.

## *Shepherds at the Manger.*

STARS of glory, shine more brightly,  
 Purer be the moonlight's beam,  
 Glide ye hours and moments lightly,  
 Swiftly down time's deepening stream :  
 Bring the hour that banished sadness,  
 Brought redemption down to earth,  
 When the shepherds heard with gladness  
 Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

See a beauteous angel soaring  
 In the bright celestial blaze,  
 On the shepherds low adoring  
 Rest his mild, effulgent rays :  
 'Fear not'—cries the heavenly stranger—  
 'Him whom ancient seers foretold,  
 Weeping in a lowly manger,  
 Shepherds, haste ye to behold.'

See the shepherds quickly rising,  
 Hastening to the humble stall,  
 And the new-born Infant prizing,  
 As the mighty Lord of all ;  
 Lowly now they bend before him,  
 In his helpless infant state,  
 Firmly faithful they adore him  
 And his greatness celebrate.

Hark the swell of heavenly voices  
 Peals along the vaulted sky ;  
 Angels sing, while earth rejoices—  
 'Glory to our God on high ;  
 Glory in the highest heaven,  
 Peace to humble men on earth ;  
 Joy to these and bliss is given,  
 In the great Redeemer's birth.'

## Epiphany.

*Quæ stella sole pulchrior.*

WHAT beauteous sun-surpassing star  
 O'er Bethlehem's lonely road,  
 Reveals a rising brighter far,  
 And shows the cradled God.  
 The star from Jacob see arise,  
 By prophets long foretold ;  
 Ye Eastern nations, in the skies  
 His messenger behold.

While thus the star its light imparts,  
 A ray within doth shine,  
 Which leads a few but faithful hearts  
 To seek the glorious sign.  
 No dangers can their purpose shake ;  
 Love suffers no delay ;  
 Home, kindred, country, they forsake ;  
 God calls, and they obey.

Jesu, bright morning Star, our hearts  
 Cleanse with thy light within ;  
 And suffer not the tempter's arts  
 To lure us back to sin.  
 The Light of Gentile lands adore,  
 The Day-spring from on high,  
 Alike the Father evermore,  
 And Spirit magnify.

## Holy Name of Jesus.

*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*

**J**ESUS, the only thought of thee  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far it is to see,  
And on thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art of music frame ;  
No words, nor even thought can say,  
The sweets of thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope, when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace ;  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
Oh what when face to face !

Jesus, that name inspires my mind,  
With springs of life and light ;  
More than I ask in thee I find,  
And languish with delight.

No art or eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love ;  
Only the saints can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be ;  
Jesu, be thou our glory now  
And through eternity.

*Also 71, 72.*



## Lent.

CI

11

*Audi, benigne Conditor.*

O GRACIOUS Lord, Creator dear,  
In mercy lend a pitying ear  
Unto the mournful prayer we pour  
In this our solemn Lenten hour.

Thou who our secret thoughts canst trace  
And knowst the frailty of our race—  
Like wandering sheep we went astray—  
Oh, take us back, we meekly pray.

Black is our guilt and great our shame ;  
But for the glory of thy name,  
Forgive the wickedness we own,  
And heal the wounds for which we groan.

Grant us by holy abstinence  
To mortify each carnal sense ;  
That so our souls, from sin set free,  
May rise all-holy unto thee.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,  
Before thy footstool we appear ;  
Oh, bless our fast, that it may prove  
The source of pardon, peace, and love.

## Lent.

*Solemne nos jejuni.*

**A** GAIN the time appointed see,  
That calls to fast and sigh  
Let priest and people bend the knee,  
And loud for mercy cry.

But vain all outward form of grief,  
And vain the word of prayer,  
Unless the heart desire relief,  
And penitence be there.

The forehead prostrate in the dust,  
The hair and garments torn,  
Can never stay the vengeance just,  
Unless the conscience mourn.

Then, let us to the Lord draw near  
With tears that contrite flow ;  
By reverence and godly fear  
We may escape the woe.

**O** holy judge, O Christ, relent,  
Thine arm uplifted stay ;  
And grant a season to repent,  
A time in which to pray.

**G**reat Three in One, thy name we bless,  
Thy praises ever sing ;  
Oh, grant that fruits of righteousness  
From Lenten tears may spring.

## Lent.

13

*Oh, hearken when we cry.*

**N**OW are the days of humblest prayer,  
When consciences to God lie bare,  
And mercy most delights to spare.  
Oh, hearken when we cry ; chastise us with thy fear ;  
Yet, Father, in the multitude of thy compassions, hear.

Now is the season, wisely long,  
Of sadder thought and graver song,  
When ailing souls grow well and strong.  
Oh, hearken when we cry ; chastise us with thy fear ;  
Yet, Father, in the multitude of thy compassions, hear.

The feast of penance—oh, so bright,  
With true conversion's heavenly light,  
Like sunrise after stormy night.  
Oh, hearken when we cry ; chastise us with thy fear ;  
Yet, Father, in the multitude of thy compassions, hear.

O happy time of blessed tears,  
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,  
Undoing all our evil years.  
Oh, hearken when we cry ; chastise us with thy fear ;  
Yet, Father, in the multitude of thy compassions, hear.

We, who have loved the world, must learn  
Upon that world our backs to turn,  
And with the love of God to burn.  
Oh, hearken when we cry ; chastise us with thy fear ;  
Yet, Father, in the multitude of thy compassions, hear.

*Also 65, 66, 67.*

## Psalm 50.

**M**ISERERE mei, Deus : \*  
secúndum magnam  
misericórdiam tuam.

2. Et secúndum multítú-  
dinem miserationum túa-  
rum : \* dele iniquitátem  
meam.

3. Amplius lava me ab  
iniquitáte mea : \* et a pec-  
cáto meo munda me.

4. Quóniam iniquitátem  
meam ego cognóscó : \* et  
peccátum meum contra me  
est semper.

5. Tibi soli peccávi, et  
malum coram te feci : \* ut  
justificéris in sermónibus  
tuis, et vincas cum judi-  
cáris.

6. Ecce enim in iniquitá-  
tibus concéptus sum : \* et  
in peccátis concépit me  
mater mea.

7. Ecce enim veritátem  
dilexísti : \* incérta et oc-  
culta sapiéntiæ tuæ mani-  
festásti mihi.

8. Aspérges me hyssópo,  
et mundábor : \* lavábis me,  
et super nivem dealbábor.

9. Audítui meo dabis gaú-  
dium et lætítiam : \* et exul-  
tábunt ossa humiliáta.

10. Avérte faciem tuam a

**H**AVE mercy upon me, O  
God : according to thy  
great mercy.

And according to the mul-  
titude of thy tender mercies :  
blot out my iniquity.

Wash me yet more from  
my iniquity : and cleanse  
me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my  
iniquity : and my sin is  
always before me.

Against thee only have I  
sinned, and done evil in thy  
sight : that thou mayest be  
justified in thy words, and  
mayest overcome when thou  
art judged.

For behold, I was con-  
ceived in iniquities : and in  
sins did my mother con-  
ceive me.

For behold, thou hast  
loved truth : the uncertain  
and hidden things of thy  
wisdom thou hast made  
manifest unto me.

Thou shalt sprinkle me  
with hyssop, and I shall be  
cleansed : thou shalt wash  
me, and I shall be made  
whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear  
of joy and gladness : and the  
bones that were humbled  
shall rejoice.

Turn away thy face from

peccatis meis : \* et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

11. Cor mundum crea in me, Deus : \* et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

12. Ne proicias me a facie tua : \* et Spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

13. Redde mihi lætitiā salutāris tui : \* et spiritu principali confirma me.

14. Docēbo inīquos vias tuas : \* et impii ad te convertentur.

15. Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis meæ : \* et exultabit lingua mea iustitiam tuam.

16. Domine, labia mea aperies : \* et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

17. Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium, dedissem utique : \* holocaustis non delectaberis.

18. Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus : \* cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.

19. Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion : \* ut ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

20. Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iustitiæ, oblationes, et holocausta : \* tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.

Glória Patri, etc.

my sins : and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God : and renew a right spirit within my bowels.

Cast me not away from thy presence : and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation : and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.

I will teach the unjust thy ways : and the wicked shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation : and my tongue shall extol thy justice.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord : and my mouth shall declare thy praise.

For if thou hadst desired sacrifice, I would surely have given it : with burnt offerings thou wilt not be delighted.

The sacrifice of God is an afflicted spirit : a contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, O Lord, in thy good will, with Sion : that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Then shalt thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and whole burnt offerings : then shall they lay calves upon thine altars.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

# Passion-Tide.

15

## *Stabat Mater dolorosa.*

**STABAT** Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam, et dolentem,  
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti !

Quæ morébat, et dolébat,  
Pia Mater dum vidébat  
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,  
Matrem Christi si vidéret  
In tanto supplicio ?

Quis non posset contristári,  
Christi Matrem contemplári  
Dolentem cum Filio ?

Pro peccatis suis géntis,  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Moriendo, desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.

Fac ut árdeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi compláceam.

**WEEPING** sore, the Mother  
stood  
Nigh the cross, the fatal wood,  
Whereon hung her dying Son.

Through her soul for anguish  
crying, [sighing,  
Sunk in sorrow, spent with  
The prophetic sword had run.

Oh, how sad, how heavy laden,  
Was that meek and blessed  
Maiden,  
God's true Mother undefiled :

Trembling, grieving, whelmed  
in woes,  
When she saw the dying throes  
Of her own immortal Child;

Who is he whose weeping eyes  
Would not choose but sym-  
pathise  
With the Mother of our Lord?

Who is he that would refuse  
Pity for such Mother's woes,  
Weeping o'er her Son adored?

Tortured for his sinful race,  
She beheld each ghastly trace  
Of his scourging at the post.

She beheld her Son so sweet  
Dying and all desolate  
When he yielded up the ghost.

Come, dear Mother, love's sweet  
spring,  
Let me share thy sorrowing,  
Let my tears unite with thine,

Let my heart be wrapt in fire  
Still to seek withfond desire  
Christ my God, my love  
divine.

# PASSION-TIDE.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifigi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.

Tui Nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Pœnas mecum dívide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolére,  
Donec ego víxero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociáre,  
In planctu desídero.

Virgo vírginum præclára,  
Mihi jam non sis amára  
Fac me tecum plângere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
Passiónis fac consórtem,  
Et plagas recólere.

Fac me plagis vulnerári,  
Fac me cruce inebriári,  
Et cruóre Filii.

Flammis ne urar succénsus  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
In die judícii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,  
Da per Matrem me veníre  
Ad palmam victóriæ.

Quando corpus moriétur,  
Fac ut ánimæ donétur  
Paradísi glória. Amen.

Holy Mother, this impart,  
Deeply print upon my heart  
All the wounds he dying bore.

Let me share his pains with thee,  
Who so tenderly for me  
Deigned those sorrows to  
endure.

Let our tears in one same tide  
Flow for Jesus crucified,  
Long as life shall warm my  
breast.

By the cross to take my station,  
Share thy tender lamentation.  
This is my most fond request.

Brightest of the virgin-train,  
Do not thou my suit disdain,  
Come and share thy grief  
with me.

Let me trace his sufferings o'er,  
Bear the very death he bore,  
When they nailed him to the  
tree :

Feel the wounds he felt for us,  
Drink the chalice of his cross,  
All for love of thy dear Son.

Screened by thee from flames  
divine,  
Mary, guard this soul of mine  
When the judgment-day  
comes on.

Christ, when these my days are  
done,  
Let thy Mother lead me on  
To the palm of victory :

Yea, when this frail flesh hath  
died,  
Let my soul be glorified  
Safe in paradise with thee.  
Amen.

This hymn is commonly used during the devotion of the *Way of the Cross*, a verse being sung as the procession moves between the Stations.

## Passion-Tide.

16

*Sævo dolorum turbine.*

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,  
Upon the tree of scorn  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.

See, how the nails those hands  
And feet so tender rend ;  
See, down his face and neck and breast  
His sacred blood descend.

Hark, with what awful cry  
His Spirit takes its flight ;  
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart,  
And wrapt her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base  
Rocks wildly to and fro ;  
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers—mountains quake ;  
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light ;  
The midday heavens grow pale ;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute ?  
Come, youth and hoary hairs ;  
Come, rich and poor ; come, all mankind,  
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come, fall before his cross,  
Who shed for us his blood ;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.

Jesu, all praise to thee,  
Our joy and endless rest :  
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest.



## Passion-Tide.

*Jesus, our Love, is crucified.*

OH, come and mourn with me awhile ;  
 See, Mary calls us to her side ;  
 Oh, come and let us mourn with her :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
 Ah, look how patiently he hangs :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord ?  
 By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,  
 And guilty found of too much love :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine,  
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
 His Pilate and his Judas were :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come take thy stand beneath the cross,  
 And let the blood from out that side  
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God, O sin of man,  
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;  
 And victory remains with love—  
 For he, our Love, is crucified.

# Passion-Tide.

## *Meditation on the Passion.*

MY Jesus, say, what wretch has dared  
 Thy sacred hands to bind ?  
 And who has dared to buffet so  
 Thy face so meek and kind ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,  
     Yet, Jesus, pity take ;  
     Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,  
     For thy sweet mercy's sake.

My Jesus, who with spittle vile  
 Profaned thy sacred brow ?  
 And whose un pitying scourge has made  
 Thy precious blood to flow ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, etc.

My Jesus, whose the hands that wove  
 That cruel thorny crown ?  
 Who made that hard and heavy cross  
 Which weighs thy shoulders down ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, etc.

My Jesus, who has mocked thy thirst  
 With vinegar and gall ?  
 Who held the nails that pierced thy hands,  
 And made the hammer fall ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, etc.

My Jesus, say who dared to nail  
 Those tender feet of thine ?  
 And whose the arm that raised the lance  
 To pierce that heart divine ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, etc.

And Mary, who has murdered thus  
 Thy loved and only One ?  
 Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand  
 That robbed thee of thy Son ?  
     'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,  
     To Jesus and to thee ;  
     Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake,  
     And pray to him for me.

## Passion-Tide.

19

*Mary sorrowing.*

WHAT a sea of tears and sorrow  
Did the soul of Mary toss  
To and fro upon its billows,  
While she wept her bitter loss ;  
In her arms her Jesus holding,  
Torn so newly from the cross.

Oh that mournful Virgin-Mother,  
See her tears how fast they flow  
Down upon his mangled body,  
Wounded side, and thorny brow ;  
While his hands and feet she kisses,—  
Picture of immortal woe.

Oft and oft his arms and bosom  
Fondly straining to her own ;  
Oft her pallid lips imprinting  
On each wound of her dear Son ;  
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,  
Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,  
By thy tears and troubles sore ;  
By the death of thy dear Offspring,  
By the bloody wounds he bore ;  
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow  
Which afflicted thee of yore.

*Also 34, 70.*

## Easter.

20

*Aurora cælum purpurat.*

THE dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;  
With alleluias rang the air ;  
Earth held a glorious jubilee ;  
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair :

When our most valiant mighty king  
From death's abyss, in dread array,  
Led the long-prisoned Fathers forth,  
Into the beam of life and day :

When he, whom stone and seal and guard  
Had safely to the tomb consigned,  
Triumphant rose, and buried death  
Deep in the grave he left behind.

'Calm all your grief, and still your tears,'  
Hark, the descending angel cries ;  
'For Christ is risen from the dead,  
And death is slain, no more to rise.'

O Jesu, from the death of sin  
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt thou be  
The everlasting paschal joy  
Of all the souls new-born in thee.

To God the Father, with the Son  
Who from the grave immortal rose,  
And thee, O Paraclete, be praise  
While age on endless ages flows.

## Easter.

*O filii et filiae.*

ALLELUIA. ALLELUIA. ALLELUIA.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord,  
 The king of glory, king adored,  
 This day himself from death restored.  
 Alleluia.

All in the early morning grey  
 Went holy women on their way,  
 To see the tomb where Jesus lay. Alleluia.

Then straightway one in white they see,  
 Who saith, 'Ye seek the Lord ; but he  
 Is risen, and gone to Galilee.' Alleluia.

That self-same night, while out of fear  
 The doors were shut, their Lord most dear  
 To his apostles did appear. Alleluia.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,  
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word ;  
 Wherefore again there comes the Lord.  
 Alleluia.

'Thomas, behold my side,' saith he ;  
 'My hands, my feet, my body see,  
 And doubt not, but believe in me.' Alleluia.

When Thomas saw that wounded side,  
 The truth no longer he denied ;  
 'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.  
 Alleluia.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
 Their Lord, and yet believe in him :  
 Eternal life awaiteth them. Alleluia.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
 And strive his name to magnify  
 On this great day, through earth and sky.  
 Alleluia.

## Easter.

*Jesus risen.*

ALL hail, dear Conqueror, all hail ;  
Oh, what a victory is thine,  
How beautiful thy strength appears,  
Thy crimson wounds how bright they shine.

Thou camest at the dawn of day ;  
Armies of souls around thee were,  
Blest spirits thronging to adore  
Thy flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The everlasting Godhead lay  
Shrouded within those limbs divine,  
Nor left untenanted one hour  
That sacred human heart of thine.

They worshipped thee, those ransomed souls,  
With the fresh strength of love set free ;  
They worshipped joyously, and thought,  
Of Mary while they looked on thee.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul  
Paused by the Body's wounded side :  
Bright flashed the cave—before them stood  
The living Jesus glorified.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,  
And worship him with joyous dread ;  
O sin, thou art undone by love ;  
O death, thou art discomfited.

## Ascension.

23

*Opus peregristi tuum.*

THY sacred race, O Lord, is run,  
Thy work is wrought, thy victory won ;  
The glory thou didst leave requires  
Thy presence in supernal choirs.  
The clouds thy chariot, earth afar  
Beneath thy feet, a little star ;  
Ten thousand thousand angels sing,  
To welcome their returning king.

The gates of heaven obey the call,  
And open to the Lord of all ;  
His throne receives the eternal Son,  
Both God and Man for ever one.  
Thou Mediator and high-priest,  
Fresh from the sacrifice released,  
By love constrained dost hither bring  
Thy smitten heart's best offering.

And she who from thy opened side  
Her being took, thy holy Bride,  
Still nourished from thy side survives,  
And life and all from thee derives.  
Hence, in the thickest of the fight,  
Thy warriors win their heavenly might ;  
And hence, thy martyrs sing their psalms,  
And joyous wave triumphal palms.

Where thou, the head, art gone, thy voice  
Calls all thy members to rejoice ;  
Ah, let them cleave the shining way,  
Thy footprints through the ether fray.  
To thee be glory, conquering king,  
Who unto heaven thy way dost wing,  
Great Son of the eternal Sire,  
Whose Spirit is our one desire.

## Whitsun-Tide.

24

*Veni, sancte Spiritus.*

HOLY Spirit, come and shine  
On our souls with beams divine,  
Issuing from thy radiance bright.

Come, O Father of the poor,  
Ever bounteous of thy store,  
Come, our hearts' unfailing light.

Come, consoler, kindest, best,  
Come, our bosom's dearest guest,  
Sweet refreshment, sweet repose.

Rest in labour, coolness sweet,  
Tempering the burning heat,  
Truest comfort of our woes.

O divinest light, impart  
Unto every faithful heart  
Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.

But for thy blest Deity,  
Nothing pure in man could be ;  
Nothing harmless, nothing good.

Wash away each sinful stain ;  
Gently shed thy gracious rain  
On the dry and fruitless soul.

Heal each wound and bend each will,  
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,  
All our wayward steps control.

Unto all thy faithful just,  
Who in thee confide and trust,  
Deign the seven-fold gift to send.

Grant us virtue's blest increase,  
Grant a death of hope and peace,  
Grant the joys that never end.



## Whitsun-Tide.

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

**V**ENI, Créator Spíritus,  
Mentes tuórum vísita,  
Imple supérna grátia  
Quæ tu creásti péctora.

Qui Paraclétus diceris  
Donum Dei Altíssimi,  
Fons vivus, ignis, cháritas,  
Et spirítalis unetio.

Tu septifórmis munere,  
Dextræ Dei tu dígitus,  
Tu rite promíssum Patris,  
Sermóne ditans gúttura.

Accénde lumen sénsibus,  
Infúnde amórem córdibus,  
Infírma nóstri córporis  
Virtúte fírmans pépeti.

Hostem repéllas lóngius,  
Pacémque dones prótinus :  
Ductóre sic te prævío,  
Vitémus omne nóxium.

Per te sciámus da Patrem,  
Noscámus atque Fílium,  
Te utriúsque Spíritum  
Credámus omni témpore.

Sit laus Patri cum Fílio,  
Sancto simul Paráclito :  
Nobísque mittat Fílius  
Charísma sancti Spíritus.

**Amen.**

## Whitsun-Tide.

26

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

**C**REATOR-SPIRIT, all-divine,  
Come visit every soul of thine,  
And fill with thy celestial flame  
The hearts which thou thyself didst frame.

O gift of God, thine is the sweet  
Consoling name of Paraclete—  
And spring of life and fire and love  
And unction flowing from above.

The mystic seven-fold gifts are thine,  
Finger of God's right hand divine ;  
The Father's promise sent to teach  
The tongue a rich and heavenly speech.

Kindle with fire brought from above  
Each sense, and fill our hearts with love ;  
And grant our flesh, so weak and frail,  
The strength of thine which ne'er may fail.

Drive far away our deadly foe,  
And grant us thy true peace to know ;  
So we, led by thy guidance still,  
Safely may pass through every ill.

To us, through thee, the grace be shown  
To know the Father and the Son ;  
And Spirit of them both, may we  
For ever rest our faith in thee.

To Sire and Son be praises meet,  
And to the holy Paraclete ;  
And may Christ send us from above  
That Holy Spirit's gift of love.

Amen.

*To the Holy Ghost.*

**H**OLY Ghost, come down upon thy children,  
Give us grace and make us thine ;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit, Dove divine.

For all within us good and holy  
Is from thee, thy precious gift ;  
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,  
Wistful hearts to thee we lift.  
Holy Ghost, etc.

For thou to us art more than father,  
More than sister, in thy love,  
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,  
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
Holy Ghost, etc.

Oh, we have grieved thee, gracious Spirit,  
Wayward, wanton, cold are we ;  
And still our sins, new every morning,  
Never yet have wearied thee.  
Holy Ghost, etc.

Dear Paraclete, how hast thou waited  
While our hearts were slowly turned ;  
How often hath thy love been slighted,  
While for us it grieved and burned.  
Holy Ghost, etc.

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,  
We would take thee for our Lord ;  
O dearest Spirit, make us faithful  
To thy least and lightest word.  
Holy Ghost, come down upon thy children,  
Give us grace and make us thine ;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit, Dove divine.

## Trinity Sunday.

28

### *The Most Holy Trinity.*

**H**AVE mercy on us, God most high,  
Who lift our hearts to thee ;  
Have mercy on us worms of earth,  
Most holy Trinity.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou in thy bliss and majesty  
Didst live and love alone.

How wonderful creation is,  
The work that thou didst bless ;  
And oh, what then must thou be like,  
Eternal loveliness.

O majesty most beautiful,  
Most holy Trinity,  
On Mary's throne we climb to get  
A far-off sight of thee.

Oh listen, then, most pitiful,  
To thy poor creature's heart ;  
It blesses thee that thou art God,  
That thou art what thou art.

Most ancient of all mysteries,  
Before thy throne we lie ;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most holy Trinity.

*Also 68.*

# Corpus Christi.

29

AT THE PROCESSION.

*Pange lingua gloriosi corporis.*

PANGE lingua gloriósi  
Córporis mystérium,  
Sanguinisque pretiósí,  
Quem in mundi pretium  
Fructus ventris generósi  
Rex effúdit géntium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intácta Vírgine ;  
Et in mundo conversátus,  
Sparsó verbi sémíne,  
Sui moras incolátus  
Miro clausit órđine.

In suprémae nocte coenæ  
Recúbens cum frátribus,  
Observáta lege plene  
Cibis in legálibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodénæ  
Se dat suis mánibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo, carnem efficit,  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum ;  
Et si sensus déficit,  
Ad firmándum cor sincérum  
Sola fides súfficit.

SING, my joyful tongue, the  
mystery  
Of the glorious body slain,  
And the blood all pure and  
precious  
Shed a lost world to regain,  
By the king of nations, issuing  
From a womb that knew no  
stain.

Born unto us of a Virgin  
Purer than the purest snow,  
And amongst mankind con-  
versing [sow,  
Seeds of heavenly truth to  
He at length in wondrous order,  
Closed his sojourn here below.

Seated with his brethren round  
him [met,  
On the night when last they  
For the law's complete fulfil-  
ment,  
When the Lamb was duly ate,  
Then before the twelve dis-  
ciples  
For their food himself he set.

By a word the Word incarnate  
Simple bread to flesh divine,  
Simple wine to blood con-  
verteth ;  
But, if sense to doubt incline,  
Under faith's sufficient teaching  
Simple hearts all doubts re-  
sign.

For the remaining verses of this hymn, see 81, *Tantum ergo Sacramentum.*

## Corpus Christi.

*The Blessed Sacrament.*

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all !  
 How can I love thee as I ought ?  
 And how revere this wondrous gift,  
 So far surpassing hope or thought ?  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore,  
 Oh make us love thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
 To love thee with, my dearest King,  
 Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise  
 Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore, etc.

Oh see ! within a creature's hand  
 The vast Creator deigns to be,  
 Reposing infant-like, as though  
 On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore, etc.

The Body, Soul, and Godhead, all,  
 O mystery of love divine !  
 I cannot compass all I have,  
 For all thou hast and art are mine.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore, etc.

Sound, sound his praises higher still,  
 And come, ye angels, to our aid ;  
 'Tis God ! 'tis God ! the very God  
 Whose power both men and angels made.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore,  
 Oh make us love thee more and more.

## Corpus Christi.

*The Holy Sacrifice.*

WHEN the Patriarch was returning  
 Crowned with triumph from the fray,  
 Him the peaceful king of Salem  
 Came to meet upon his way ;  
 Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,  
 Holy priesthood's awful sign.

On the truth thus dimly shadowed  
 Later days a lustre shed ;  
 When the great High-Priest eternal,  
 Under forms of Wine and Bread,  
 For the world's immortal food  
 Gave his Flesh and gave his Blood.

Wondrous gift !—The Word who fashioned  
 All things by his might divine,  
 Bread into his Body changes,  
 Into his own Blood the wine ;—  
 What though sense no change perceives,  
 Faith admires, adores, believes.

He who once to die a Victim  
 On the cross did not refuse,  
 Day by day upon our altars,  
 That same Sacrifice renews ;  
 Through his holy priesthood's hands,  
 Faithful to his last commands.

While the people all uniting  
 In the Sacrifice sublime,  
 Offer Christ to his high Father,  
 Offer up themselves with him ;  
 Then together with the priest  
 On the living Victim feast.

## Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*Summi Parentis Filio.*

TO Christ, the Prince of peace,  
And Son of God most high,  
The Father of the world to come,  
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his heart for us  
The wound of love he bore ;  
That love, wherewith he still inflames  
The hearts that him adore.

O Jesu, victim blest,  
What else but love divine  
Could thee constrain to open thus  
That sacred heart of thine ?

O fount of endless life,  
O spring of waters clear,  
O flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto thee draw near.

Hide me in thy dear heart,  
For hither do I fly ;  
There seek thy grace through life, in death  
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,  
And sole-begotten Son ;  
Praise, holy Paraclete, to thee,  
While endless ages run.



## Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*To Jesus' Heart.*

TO Jesus' Heart, all burning  
With fervent love for men,  
My heart with fondest yearning  
Shall raise its joyful strain.  
While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart, for me on fire  
With love no man can speak,  
My yet untold desire  
God gives me for thy sake.  
While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

Too true I have forsaken  
Thy love by wilful sin ;  
Yet now let me be taken  
Back by thy grace again.  
While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

As thou art meek and lowly,  
And ever pure of heart,  
So may my heart be wholly  
Of thine the counterpart.  
While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

## The Precious Blood.

34

*Hail, Jesus, hail.*

**H**AIL, Jesus, hail, who for my sake  
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take,  
And shed it all for me ;  
Oh, blessed be my Saviour's blood,  
My life, my light, my only good,  
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise  
The precious blood, whose price could raise  
The world from wrath and sin ;  
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,  
And heal the sinner's worst disease,  
If he but bathe therein.

O sweetest blood, that can implore  
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,  
The heaven which sin had lost :  
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,  
What Jesus shed still intercedes  
For those who wrong him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of Christ's own sacred blood, excels  
Earth's best and highest bliss :  
The ministers of wrath divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
With those red drops of his.

Ah, there is joy amid the saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
When this sweet song we raise :  
Oh, louder then, and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
The precious blood to praise.

To all the faithful who say or sing this hymn Pius VII. granted an indulgence of 100 days, applicable to the souls in purgatory.

## Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

35

### *Ave maris stella.*

**A**VE maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
Atque semper virgo,  
Felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabriélis ore,  
Funda nos in pacē,  
Mutans nomen Evæ.

Solvā vinclā reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus,  
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singulāris,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solūtos,  
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut vidētes Jesum,  
Semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spīritui sancto,  
Tribus honor unus.  
Amen.

**H**AHL, thou Star of ocean,  
God's own Mother blest,  
Ever-sinless Virgin,  
Gate of heavenly rest.

Taking that sweet Ave  
Which from Gabriel came,  
Peace confirm within us,  
Changing Eva's name.

Break the captive's fetters,  
To the blind give day;  
Chase all evils from us;  
For all blessings pray.

Show thyself a mother;  
May the Word divine,  
Born for us thine Infant,  
Hear our prayers through  
thine.

Virgin all excelling,  
Mildest of the mild,  
Freed from guilt, preserve us  
Meek and undefiled.

Keep our life all spotless,  
Make our way secure,  
Till we find in Jesus  
Joy for evermore.

Praise to God the Father,  
Honour to the Son,  
To the Holy Spirit  
Be the glory one.  
Amen.

## Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

36

*Daily, daily.*

DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,  
Sing, my soul, her praises due ;  
All her feasts, her actions worship  
With the heart's devotion true.  
Lost in wondering contemplation,  
Be her majesty confest ;  
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,  
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver ;  
Call her, trust her lovingly ;  
When the tempest rages round thee,  
She will calm the troubled sea.  
Gifts of heaven she has given,  
Noble lady, to our race :  
She the Queen, who decks her subjects  
With the light of God's own grace.

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
Who for us her Maker bore ;  
For the curse of old inflicted,  
Peace and blessing to restore.  
Sing in songs of praise unending,  
Sing the world's majestic Queen ;  
Weary not, nor faint in telling  
All the gifts she gives to men.

All my senses, heart, affections,  
Strive to sound her glory forth ;  
Spread abroad the sweet memorials  
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.  
Where the voice of music thrilling,  
Where the tongue of eloquence,  
That can utter hymns beseeching  
All her matchless excellence ?

## Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

37

*Hail, Queen of heaven.*

**H**AIL, Queen of heaven, the ocean star,  
Guide of the wanderer here below,  
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,  
Save us from peril and from woe.  
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,  
We sinners make our prayers through thee ;  
Remind thy Son that he has paid  
The price of our iniquity.  
Virgin, most pure, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry,  
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
And soothe with hope our misery.  
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to him who reigns above,  
In Godhead One, in persons Three,  
The source of life, of grace, of love,  
Homage we pay on bended knee—  
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,  
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

## Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

38

*Look down, O Mother Mary.*

LOOK down, O Mother Mary,  
From thy bright throne above ;  
Cast down upon thy children  
One only glance of love.  
And if a heart so tender  
With pity flows not o'er,  
Then turn away, O Mother,  
And look on us no more.

See how ungrateful sinners  
We stand before thy Son ;  
His loving heart reproaches  
The evil we have done.  
But if thou wilt appease him,  
Speak for us but one word ;  
Thou only canst obtain us  
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest Mother,  
If thou wouldst have us live,  
Say that we are thy children,  
And Jesus will forgive.  
Our sins make us unworthy  
That title still to bear,  
But thou art still our Mother ;  
Then show a mother's care.

Unfold to us thy mantle,  
There stay we without fear :  
What evil can befall us  
If, Mother, thou art near ?  
O kindest, dearest Mother,  
Thy sinful children save ;  
Look down on us with pity,  
Who thy protection crave.

E

## Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

39

### *Mother of Mercy.*

MOTHER of mercy, day by day  
My love of thee grows more and more ;  
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way  
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe  
The masters of my life may be,  
When times are worst, who does not know  
Darkness is light with love of thee ?

But scornful men have coldly said  
Thy love was leading me from God ;  
And yet in this I did but tread  
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth  
Who speak these heartless words to me ;  
For what did Jesus love on earth  
One half so tenderly as thee ?

Get me the grace to love thee more ;  
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;  
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,  
Oh I shall love thee then indeed.

Jesus, when his three hours were run,  
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me ;  
And oh, how can I love thy Son,  
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee ?

## Immaculate Conception.

40

*O purest of creatures.*

**O** PUREST of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid,  
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid !  
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we  
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the sea !

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,  
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled ;  
And the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee,  
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the sea !

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do ;  
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were true ;  
Through the ages he looked, and he found none but thee,  
And he loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the sea !

He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair ;  
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;  
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but he,  
And he blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the sea !

Earth gave him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy breast,  
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest ;  
His home and his hiding-place both were in thee,  
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the sea !

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest  
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;  
For the heaven he left, he found heaven in thee,  
And he shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the sea !



## Immaculate Conception.

41

*Mary immaculate.*

O MOTHER ! I could weep for mirth,  
Joy fills my heart so fast ;  
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,  
Oh could the transport last !  
I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state ;  
And I keep singing in my heart,—  
Immaculate ! Immaculate !

When Jesus looks upon thy face,  
His heart with rapture glows,  
And in the Church, by his sweet grace,  
Thy blessed worship grows.  
I think of thee, and what thou art, etc.

The angels answer with their songs,  
Bright choirs in gleaming rows ;  
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,  
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.  
I think of thee, and what thou art, etc.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate !  
Oh what a joy for thee !  
Conceived, conceived Immaculate !  
Oh greater joy for me !  
I think of thee, and what thou art, etc.

It is this thought to-day that lifts  
My happy heart to heaven,  
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts  
To thee, dear Queen, were given.  
I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state ;  
And I keep singing in my heart,—  
Immaculate ! Immaculate !

## Assumption.

*Sing, sing, ye Angel bands.*

SING, sing, ye Angel bands,  
All beautiful and bright :  
For higher still, and higher,  
Through fields of starry light,  
Mary, your Queen, ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she  
On earth hath never been ;  
And, save the throne of God,  
Your heavens have never seen  
A wonder half so bright  
As your ascending Queen.

O happy angels ! look,  
How beautiful she is !  
See ! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is locked in his ;  
Oh who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss ?

And shall I lose thee then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee ?  
Ah, no—the angels' Queen  
Man's Mother still will be ;  
And thou, upon thy throne,  
Wilt keep thy love for me.

On, then, dear Pageant, on !  
Sweet music breathes around ;  
And love, like dew, distils  
On hearts in rapture bound ;  
The Queen of heaven goes up  
To be proclaimed and crowned !

## Month of Mary.

43

*Joy of my heart.*

**J**OY of my heart ! oh let me pay  
To thee thine own sweet month of May.  
Mary, one gift I beg of thee,  
My soul from sin and sorrow free.  
Direct my wandering feet aright,  
And be thyself mine own true light ;  
Be love of thee the purging fire,  
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.  
Joy of my heart ! oh let me pay  
To thee thine own sweet month of May.

Mary, make haste thy child to win  
From sin and from the love of sin ;  
Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,  
Make me as thou wert here below.  
Write on my heart's most secret core  
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.  
Oh give me tears to shed with thee  
Beneath the cross on Calvary.  
Joy of my heart ! etc.

O Queen of Heaven ! obtain for me  
Thy glory there one day to see.  
Oh then and there, on that bright day,  
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.  
One more request and I have done ;—  
With love of thee and thy dear Son,  
More let me burn, and more each day,  
Till love of self is burned away.  
Joy of my heart ! etc.

## Month of Mary.

44

### *Our Lady's Image.*

**T**HIS is the image of our Queen  
Who reigns in bliss above,  
Of her who is the hope of men,  
Whom men and angels love.  
Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee ;  
In this thy own sweet month of May,  
Pray thou to God for me.

The sacred homage that we pay  
To Mary's image here,  
To Mary's self, then on to God  
Ascends the starry sphere.  
Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee ;  
In this thy own sweet month of May,  
Pray thou to God for me.

Sweet are the flowers we have culled  
This image to adorn,  
But sweeter far is Mary's self,  
That rose without a thorn.  
Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee ;  
In this thy own sweet month of May,  
Pray thou to God for me.

O Lady, by the stars that make  
A glory round thy head,  
And by thy pure uplifted hands  
That for thy children plead,  
When at the Judgment-seat I stand,  
And my dread Saviour see,  
When hell is raging for my soul,  
Pray thou to God for me.

## The Holy Rosary,

*Victorious over sin and unbelief.*

THE clouds hang thick o'er Israel's camp  
As dawns the battle day,  
Arise ! bright star of Dominic,  
And chase the gloom away :  
And where the foemen fiercest press  
Thy radiance let us see ;  
Shine o'er the banners of thy sons,  
And lead to victory.

The weapon which our father gave  
Each hand shall fearless wield :  
Who bear our Lady's Rosary  
Need neither sword nor shield :  
With dauntless faith the ranks they face  
Of error and of sin,  
And, armed with those blest beads alone,  
The victory they win.

See o'er Lepanto's waters spread  
The Moslem's dark array :  
A Voice to Christendom went forth,  
And gave the word to pray :  
Jesus and Mary ! names of strength  
Invoked, and not in vain ;  
They conquered in the hour of need,  
And conquer shall again.

As Pius then to Europe spake,  
So Leo speaks once more ;  
The Rosary our weapon still,  
To wield in holy war :  
Ave Maria ! from each tongue  
Shall rise the pleading word ;  
Oh doubt not that the prayer of faith  
Will now, as then, be heard.

## The Holy Rosary.

*To our Lady of the Rosary.*

**Q**UEEN of the Holy Rosary !  
 Oh bless us as we pray,  
 And offer thee our roses  
 In garlands day by day ;  
 While from our Father's garden,  
 With loving hearts and bold,  
 We gather to thine honour  
 Buds white, and red, and gold.

Queen of the Holy Rosary !  
 Each mystery blends with thine  
 The sacred life of Jesus  
 In every step divine.  
 Thy soul was his fair garden,  
 Thy virgin breast his throne,  
 Thy thoughts his faithful mirror  
 Reflecting him alone.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary !  
 White roses let us bring,  
 And lay them round thy footstool  
 Before our Infant King.  
 For nestling in thy bosom  
 God's Son was fain to be,  
 The child of thy obedience  
 And spotless purity.

Dear Lady of the Rosary !  
 Red roses cast we down ;  
 But let thy fingers weave them  
 Into a worthy crown.  
 For how can we poor sinners  
 Do aught but weep with thee,  
 When in thy train we follow  
 Our God to Calvary ?

Queen of the Holy Rosary !  
 What radiancy of love,  
 What splendour and what glory  
 Surround thy court above !  
 Oh, in thy tender pity,  
 Dear source of love untold,  
 Refuse not this our offering,  
 Our flowers white, red, and gold.

## The Holy Rosary.

### *Joyful Mysteries.*

#### 1. *The Annunciation—Humility.*

**H**AIL, full of grace and purity,  
 Meek Handmaid of the Lord ;  
 Hail, model of *humility*,  
 Chaste Mother of the Word.

#### 2. *The Visitation—Charity.*

By that pure love which prompted thee  
 To seek thy cousin blest,  
 Pray that the fires of *charity*  
 May burn within our breast.

#### 3. *The Birth of our Lord—Poverty.*

This blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,  
 From Jesus through his birth,  
 By holy *poverty* to wean  
 Our hearts from things of earth.

#### 4. *The Presentation of our Lord—Obedience.*

Most holy Virgin, Maiden mild,  
 Obtain for us, we pray,  
 To imitate thy Holy Child  
 By striving to *obey*.

#### 5. *The Finding of our Lord—Love of his service.*

By thy dear Son, restored to thee,  
 This grace for us implore,  
 To *serve our Lord* more faithfully,  
 And love him more and more.

### *Concluding verse.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
 With tender love look down,  
 And bless the hearts that offer thee  
 This chaplet for thy crown.

## The Holy Rosary.

### *Sorrowful Mysteries.*

#### 1. *The Agony of our Lord—Prayer.*

LORD, by thy prayer in agony  
 On Olivet alone,  
 Teach us to *pray*, resigned like thee,  
 And say "Thy will be done."

#### 2. *The Scourging—Mortification.*

Sweet Saviour, who didst bear for me  
 The scourge's pain intense,  
 Help me to fly all luxury,  
 And *mortify* each sense.

#### 3. *The Crowning with Thorns—Fortitude.*

By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,  
 And scoffs and buffets rude,  
 Teach us to bear all pain and scorn  
 With holy *fortitude*.

#### 4. *The Carrying of the Cross—Patience.*

Lord, by thy cross thy people spare,  
 And on us pity take,  
 Help us our daily cross to bear  
 With *patience* for thy sake.

#### 5. *The Crucifixion—Self-sacrifice.*

O Jesus, victim for man's fall,  
 Lamb slain on Calvary,  
 Accept henceforth our lives, our all,  
 In *sacrifice* to thee.

#### *Concluding verse.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
 With tender love look down,  
 And bless the hearts that offer thee  
 This chaplet for thy crown.



# The Holy Rosary.

## *Glorious Mysteries.*

### 1. *The Resurrection—Faith.*

ALL hail, great Conqueror, to thee,  
 Arisen from the dead !  
 Grant us the light of *faith*, that we  
 May in thy footsteps tread.

### 2. *The Ascension—Hope.*

To heaven thou dost ascend again,  
 Sweet Saviour of our race,  
 With *hope* our fainting hearts sustain  
 To see in heaven thy face.

### 3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost—Zeal for Souls.*

O Holy Ghost, who didst descend  
 In cloven tongues of fire,  
 Our souls, which all too earthward tend,  
 With burning *zeal* inspire.

### 4. *The Assumption—Devotion to our Lady.*

Mother of God, enthroned above,  
 Beseech thy Son anew,  
 To fill our hearts with childlike *love*  
 For thee our Mother too.

### 5. *The Coronation of our Lady—Perseverance.*

All-gracious Queen of Angels, deign  
 Our last request to hear,  
 For us this crowning gift obtain—  
 The grace to *persevere*.

## *Concluding verse.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
 With tender love look down,  
 And bless the hearts that offer thee  
 This chaplet for thy crown.

## Angel Guardian.

*Dear Angel, ever at my side.*

DEAR Angel, ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be,  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A guilty wretch like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near ;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts  
Fighting with sin for me ;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down,  
Morning and night, to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes, when I pray thou prayest too,  
Thy prayer is all for me ;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now  
More humble will I be :  
But I am weak ; and when I fall,  
Oh weary not of me.

Oh weary not, but love me still,  
For Mary's sake, thy Queen ;  
She never tired of me, though I  
Her worst of sons have been.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear,  
And I will love thee more ;  
And help me when my soul is cast  
Upon the eternal shore.

## St. Joseph.

51

*Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !*

**H**AIL ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Husband of Mary, hail !  
Chaste as the lily flower  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Father of Christ esteemed,  
Father be thou to those  
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Prince of the house of God,  
May his best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Comrade of angels, hail !  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
And guide the steps that fail.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
God's choice wert thou alone ;  
To thee the Word made flesh  
Was subject as a Son.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Teach us our flesh to tame ;  
And, Mary, keep the hearts  
That love thy husband's name.

Mother of Jesus ! bless,  
And bless, ye saints on high,  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

## St. Joseph.

52

### *Patronage of St. Joseph.*

DEAR Husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of her Child !  
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild ;  
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see ;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,  
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side ;  
Ah blessed Saint Joseph, how safe I should be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, if thou wert with me !

O blessed Saint Joseph ! how great was thy worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,  
The Father of Jesus—ah then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, a father to me ?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,  
When Mary took turns with thee bearing thy God ;  
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be :  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh canst thou bear me ?

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,  
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth ;  
O Father of Jesus, be father to me,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, and I will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou  
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now ?  
There is no saint in heaven I worship like thee,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh deign to love me !

## SS. Peter and Paul.

53

*Decora lux æternitatis auream.*

**I**T is no earthly summer's ray  
That sheds this golden brightness round,  
Crowning with heavenly light the day  
The Princes of the Church were crowned.

The blessed seer, to whom was given  
The hearts of men to teach and school,  
And he that keeps the keys of heaven,  
For those on earth that own his rule,—

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word  
Shall pass the doom of life or death,  
By humble cross and bleeding sword  
Well have they won their laurel wreath.

O happy Rome, made holy now  
By these two martyrs' glorious blood ;  
Earth's best and fairest cities bow,  
By thy superior claims subdued.

For thou alone art worth them all,  
City of martyrs ! thou alone  
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call  
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

All honour, power, and praise be given  
To him who reigns in bliss on high,  
For endless, endless years in heaven,  
One only God in Trinity.

## St. Dominic.

54

### *Novus athleta Domini.*

**S**OUND the mighty champion's praises,  
Raise the song for him who came  
Charged to tell the Gospel tidings,  
Charged to spread the Gospel flame—  
Lordly errand,  
Suiting well his lordly name.

Stainless as a virgin lily,  
Fervent as a flaming brand,  
Lo, he flies, still onward speeding,  
Flies to do his Lord's command—  
Flies to rescue  
Captive souls from Satan's hand.

Treading down this world of evil,  
To his mighty task he goes ;  
Stript of all, he seeks the conflict,  
Turns him to Christ's banded foes—  
Grace sustaining  
With the fire that inward glows.

Lo, his arms of heavenly temper—  
Words and signs of wondrous power,  
Prayers of love, and tears of pity,  
Whilst his warrior children bore  
His commission  
Onward still from shore to shore.

Sing we to the Triune Godhead,  
Honour, glory, power, and praise ;  
May be at our father's pleading,  
Deign his children's souls to raise,  
Cleansed and perfect,  
To his reign of endless days.

## St. Dominic,

46

*Preacher of the Rosary.*

THOU who, hero-like, hast striven  
 For the cause of God and heaven,  
 Dominic, whose life was given  
     Sinners to recall,  
 Saint of high and dauntless spirit,  
 By thy vast unmeasured merit,  
 By thy name which we inherit,  
     Hear us when we call.

Flower of chastity, the fairest  
 Of her lily buds thou bearest  
 Snow-white as the robe thou wearest,  
     Gift from hands divine.  
 With thy brow of starry splendour,  
 With thine eyes so mild and tender,  
 Mary's client, truth's defender,  
     To our prayers incline.

Great apostle, ever claiming  
 Souls for Jesus, by the naming  
 Mary and her Son proclaiming  
     Mysteries of faith.  
 Still, O Dominic, the preaching  
 Of those childlike beads is reaching  
 Childlike hearts, all sweetly teaching  
     Christ's own life and death.

With those Aves, first and plainest  
 Of the Church's prayers, thou rainest  
 Blessings on the earth, and gainest  
     Souls whom Jesus made.  
 Loving Father, at thy station  
 Of seraphic contemplation,  
 In each hour of dark temptation  
     Give thy saving aid.

## St. George.

56

*Deus tuorum militum.*

O THOU, of all thy warriors Lord,  
Thyself the crown and sure reward ;  
Set us from sinful fetters free,  
Who sing thy martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round  
The taste of bitter gall he found ;  
But sweet to him was thy dear Name,  
And so to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,  
And ran his race of torments sore ;  
For thee he poured his life away ;  
With thee he lives in endless day.

We, then, before thee bending low,  
Intreat thee, Lord, thy love to show  
On this the day thy martyr died,  
Who in thy saints are glorified.

To God the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise and glory evermore,  
As in th' eternity before.

This Hymn may be used on the festival of any martyr.



## St. Patrick.

57

*Hail, glorious St. Patrick.*

**H**AIL, glorious Saint Patrick, dear Saint of our isle !  
On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile ;  
And now thou art high in the mansions above,  
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, thy words were once strong  
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng ;  
Not less in thy might where in heaven thou art,  
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,  
Dear Saint, may thy children resist to the death ;  
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, and prayer,  
Their banner the cross, which they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,  
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more,  
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,  
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,  
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wert on  
earth,  
And our hearts shall yet burn wheresoever we roam,  
For God and Saint Patrick and our native home.

## St. Thomas Aquinas,

*Patron of the Angelic Warfare.*

FLOWER of innocence, Saint Thomas,  
 Unto thee our hearts we raise,  
 Patron of our holy warfare,  
 Hear our humble hymn of praise.  
 Chosen lily, virgin Doctor,  
 Teach us how to follow thee,  
 Spotless lamb, to Jesus guide us  
 In our robes of purity.

Aid us in our ceaseless warfare,  
 War angelic against sin ;  
 Shield us from the wily tempter,  
 Pray for us that we may win.  
 Save our souls from ill,—frail vessels  
 Tossing on temptation's sea ;  
 Guide them safely to the haven  
 Of a blest eternity.

Soul unspotted, rendered worthy,  
 In thy lofty vision's flight,  
 Deepest mysteries to fathom  
 By the Paraclete's keen light ;  
 Teach us now by thine example  
 How to choose the better part,  
 Seeking out the truths unfolded  
 Only to the clean of heart.

Pressing onwards through life's journey,  
 We thy sacred girdle wear ;  
 Let it be to us the token  
 Of thy ever-watchful care :  
 By thy matchless virtue keep us  
 From all sinful pleasures free,  
 That in heaven we too may merit  
 Crowns of spotless chastity.

## St. Mary Magdalen.

59

### *Model of Penitents.*

ONCE a very sinful woman  
Came our blessed Lord to meet ;  
Struck at once with pain and sorrow,  
Down she sank before his feet,  
Bathed them with her tears of penance,  
Wiped them with her hair, and then  
Heard her Saviour's words of pardon :  
Blessed Mary Magdalen !

From that happy day of mercy  
She was ever near our Lord,  
Nourishing her soul with wisdom,  
Listening to his saving word.  
May my sinful soul, forgiven,  
Never more fall back again,  
Strengthened by thy sweet example,  
Holy Mary Magdalen !

On the cross, her sins redeeming,  
She beheld our Saviour die ;  
There she stood, all broken-hearted,  
With his blessed Mother nigh.  
When at last he rose triumphant,  
Joy of angels and of men,  
Who was first to see him risen ?  
Holy Mary Magdalen !

Years she spent in happy penance,  
Loving with undying love,  
Praying, hoping, sweetly sighing,  
Till she passed to heaven above.  
I will love and serve my Saviour  
Till my heavenly crown I gain ;  
Make me love him for his mercy,  
Holy Mary Magdalen !

**St. Catherine of Siena.**

*O Spouse of Christ.*

**O SPOUSE** of Christ, on whom  
His choicest love was laid,  
The spousals of the saints were thine,  
In woe and suffering made.

Around thy virgin brow  
A thorny radiance shines,  
And brightly from thy wounded hands  
The living glory shines.

Above thee from thy birth  
Hovered the mystic Dove,  
Thy life—a seraph's life on earth—  
Closed with a death of love.

**O Mother**, who on earth  
Didst conquer by thy prayers,  
Regard us as thy children now,  
And through the eternal years.

Glory to God on high,  
To Father and to Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Lord of Life,  
Eternal Three in One.

## All Saints.

61

*Placare, Christe, servulis.*

O CHRIST, thy guilty people spare ;  
Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,  
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,  
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore,  
Who in your circles nine ascend,  
As ye have guarded us before,  
So still from harm our steps defend.

Ye Prophets, and Apostles high,  
Behold our penitential tears ;  
And plead for us when death is nigh,  
And our all-searching Judge appears.

Ye Martyrs all, a purple band,  
And Confessors, a white-robed train ;  
Oh, call us to our native land,  
From this our exile, back again.

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste,  
Receive us to your seats on high ;  
With Hermits whom the desert waste  
Sent up of old into the sky.

Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest,  
The false and faithless race away ;  
That all within one fold may rest  
Secure beneath one shepherd's sway.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son :  
And glory, Holy Ghost, to thee  
While everlasting ages run.

*Also 74.*

## All Souls.

62

*Psalm 129.*

**DE** profundis clamávi ad te, Dómine: \* Dómine, exáudi vocem meam.

2. Fiant aures tuæ intendentes: \* in vocem deprecationis meæ.

3. Si iniquitátes observáveris, Dómine: \* Dómine, quis sustinébit?

4. Quia apud te propitiatio est: \* et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Dómine.

5. Sustínuit ánima mea in verbo ejus: \* sperávit ánima mea in Dómino.

6. A custódia matutína usque ad noctem: \* speret Israel in Dómino.

7. Quia apud Dóminum misericórdia: \* et copiósa apud eum redemptio.

8. Et ipse rédimet Israel: \* ex ómnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

Réquiem ætérnam dona eis Dómine; et lux perpétua lúceat eis.

**OUT** of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my supplication.

If thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities: Lord, who shall abide it?

For with thee there is merciful forgiveness: and because of thy law, I have waited for thee, O Lord.

My soul hath waited on his word: my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

From the morning watch even until night: let Israel hope in the Lord.

For with the Lord, there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his iniquities.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

## All Souls.

63

*To our Lady of the Holy Souls.*

O H, turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,  
And call him by his tenderest names;  
Pray for the holy souls that burn  
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah, they have fought a gallant fight;  
In death's cold arms they persevered;  
And after life's uncheery night  
The harbour of their rest is neared.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favourites of Jesus, there they lie,  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.

They are the children of thy tears;  
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid;  
In pity think each hour appears  
An age while glory is delayed.

O Mary, let thy Son no more  
His lingering spouses thus expect;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to the Spirit his elect.

Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed;  
Angels and souls, all look to thee;  
God waits thy prayers, for he hath made  
Those prayers his law of charity.

## Missions and Retreats.

64

*Hail, holy Mission.*

**H**AIL ! holy Mission, hail !  
Sighing we turn to thee,  
For weary have we found  
The path of sin to be.

Hail ! holy Mission, hail !  
Sent to us from above ;  
When Jesus with his Cross  
Comes to win back our love.

Hail ! holy Mission, hail !  
Time of repentant tears ;  
When to the soul returns  
The peace of former years.

Hail ! holy Mission, hail !  
Sweet time of humble prayer ;  
When rests the soul on God,  
Freed from this dark world's care.

Hail ! holy Mission, hail !  
Time of all others blest ;  
When in the loving soul,  
Jesus takes up his rest.

Hail ! holy Mission, hail !  
Foretaste of joys above :  
O Jesus, make our hearts  
Burn with thy tender love.



## Missions and Retreats.

65

### *Invitation to the Sinner.*

**O**H, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,  
Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and forgets ;  
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,  
There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.

Oh come, then, to Jesus whose arms are extended  
To fold his dear children in closest embrace :  
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,  
And Jesus will show you his beautiful face.

Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter  
The longer you look at the depth of his love ;  
And fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter  
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you ?  
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt ?  
Oh fear not, oh fear not, the mother that bore you  
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have  
spilt.

Oh come, then, to Jesus and say how you love him,  
And swear at his feet you will keep in his grace ;  
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move him,  
And your sins will drop off in his tender embrace.

Then come to his feet, and lay open your story  
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;  
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,  
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

## Missions and Retreats.

66

### *Hymn of Repentant Sorrow.*

JESUS, my God, behold at length the time,  
When I resolve to turn away from crime.  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—no, never more.

Since my poor soul thy precious blood hath cost,  
Suffer me not for ever to be lost.  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—no, never more.

Kneeling in tears, behold me at thy feet,  
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—  
Oh pardon me, Jesus, thy mercy I implore,  
I will never more offend thee—no, never more.

## Missions and Retreats.

67

### *Act of Contrition.*

**G**OD of mercy and compassion,

Look with pity upon me.  
Father, let me call thee Father,  
'Tis thy child returns to thee.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy ;

Let me not implore in vain ;

All my sins—I now detest them,  
Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deserved

Death and endless misery ;

Hell, with all its pains and torments,

And for all eternity.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy ;

Let me not implore in vain ;

All my sins—I now detest them,  
Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have abandoned

Right and claim to heaven above ;

Where the saints rejoice for ever,

In a boundless sea of love.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy ;

Let me not implore in vain ;

All my sins—I now detest them,  
Never will I sin again.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,

On the Cross of Calvary ;

To that Cross my sins have nailed him,

Yet he bleeds and dies for me.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy ;

Let me not implore in vain ;

All my sins—I now detest them,  
Never will I sin again.

## Occasional.

*The Eternal Father.*

**MY** God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat  
In depths of burning light !

How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

Oh how I fear thee, living God !  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as thou art ;  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
With me thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,  
Oh what a joy it is !  
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,  
Earth has no higher bliss !

Father of Jesus, love's Reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before thy Throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on thee !

## Occasional.

*The Will of God.*

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all thy ways adore ;  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of Jesu's toils and tears :  
Thou wert the passion of his heart  
Those three-and-thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in his,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet :  
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will,  
Thine empire is so sweet.

I know not what it is to doubt,  
My heart is ever gay ;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will,  
For all my cares are thine ;  
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
Hast made thy triumph mine.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost ;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet Will.

## Occasional.

70

### *Hymn of St. Francis Xavier.*

**M**Y God, I love thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby ;  
Nor yet because who love thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony ;  
E'en death itself—and all for one  
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,  
Should I not love thee well ;  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But, as thyself has lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing,  
Solely because thou art my God  
And my eternal King.

## Occasional.

71

*Jesus is God.*

JESUS is God ; the solid earth,  
The ocean broad and bright,  
The countless stars, like golden dust  
That strew the skies at night,  
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,  
The pleasant wholesome air,  
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,  
His own creations were.

Jesus is God ; the glorious bands  
Of golden angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to him,  
Their Maker and their King :  
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's cross true God,  
He who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God ; alas, they say  
On earth the numbers grow  
Who his divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe :  
And yet, what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was Man ?

Jesus is God ; let sorrow come  
And pain and every ill ;  
All are worth while—for all are means  
His glory to fulfil ;  
Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If by our Credo we might own  
The Godhead of our Lord.

## Occasional.

72

*Jesus, my God and my all.*

O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord,  
    Forgive me if I say  
For very love thy sacred name  
    A thousand times a day.

I love thee so, I know not how  
    My transports to control ;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
    Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful, that thou shouldst let  
    So vile a heart as mine  
Love thee with such a love as this,  
    And make so free with thine.

For thou to me art all in all,  
    My honour and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
    My soul's eternal health.

What limit is there to thee, love ?  
    Thy flight where wilt thou stay ?  
On, on, our Lord is sweeter far  
    To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus, blessed love,  
    So will it ever be ;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
    No, nor eternity.



## Occasional.

73

### *Pilgrims of the Night.*

**H**ARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life where sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,  
And like benighted men we miss our mark ;  
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,  
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light, etc.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;'  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light, etc.

Rest comes at length : though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light, etc.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.  
Angels of Jesus ; angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

## Occasional.

*Paradise.*

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !  
 Who doth not crave for rest ?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 'Tis weary waiting here ;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see him near ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 I want to sin no more ;  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is furnishing for me ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 I feel 'twill not be long ;  
 Patience ! I almost think I hear  
 Faint fragments of thy song ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight !

## Occasional.

75

### *The Soldiers of Christ.*

**H**ARK ! the sound of the fight hath gone forth,  
And we must not tarry at home ;  
For our Lord from the south and the north  
Has commanded his soldiers to come.  
We must on with our banner unfurled ;  
We must on : it is Jesus who leads ;  
We must hasten to conquer the world  
With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.

We must stand to our colours like men ;  
Our Lord is a leader to love ;  
For the wounded he heals, and the slain  
He crowns in his city above.  
We must march to the battle with speed,  
Upon earth our one duty is strife ;  
Oh blest are the soldiers who bleed  
For the Saviour who died to give life !

There is Jesus in heaven above,  
There is Jesus on earth below,  
And his the one standard we love,  
And his the one watchword we know.  
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb ;  
Let us sing round our banner so brave ;  
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood  
That was shed to redeem and to save.

## Occasional.

76

### *Faith of our Fathers.*

**F**AITH of our Fathers ! living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;  
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word :  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

Our Fathers chained in prisons dark  
Were still in heart and conscience free ;  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they like them could die for thee !  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Fathers ! Mary's prayers  
Shall win our country back to thee ;  
And through the truth that comes from God,  
England shall then indeed be free.  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Fathers ! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife :  
And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life.  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

## Evening.

77

*Christe, qui lux es, et dies.*

O CHRIST, thou brightness of the day  
That chaseth night's dull shades away,  
Thou splendour of thy Father's light  
That show'st his glories to our sight :  
We meekly pray thee, holy Lord,  
Defend us through the nightly hours ;  
Thou canst a holy rest accord,  
Grant that such holy rest be ours.

Drive far the heavy sleep of sin,  
Lest the untiring foe steal in ;  
And with his foul and deadly guile  
The weak consenting flesh defile :  
Grant while our eyes are closed in sleep  
Our hearts may ever watch to thee,  
And let thine arm securely keep  
Each one of thy dear family.

Our sole defence, watch o'er us still  
To guard from all the powers of ill ;  
Rule thou o'er us, O King of heaven,  
For whom thy blood was freely given :  
Be mindful of us, Lord, while we  
This dull and fleshly burden bear,  
And let our souls still find in thee,  
A sweet defence for ever near.

Mother of love and mercy mild,  
Mother of graces undefiled,  
Drive back the foe, and to thy Son  
Conduct our souls when life is done :  
Glory to thee, our Saviour sweet,  
Born of a spotless Mother-maid ;  
To Father and to Paraclete  
Like glory be for ever paid.

## Evening.

78

*Sweet Saviour, bless us.*

**S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;  
Thy word into our minds instil ;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;  
And thou hast taken count of all—  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night is come,  
Mary and Joseph near us be ;  
Good angels watch about our home ;  
And we are one day nearer thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

# Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

79

*O Salutaris Hostia.*

**O** SALUTARIS hóstia,  
Quæ cœli pandis óstium:  
Bella premunt hostília,  
Da robur, fer auxílium.

Uni trinóque Dómino  
Sit sempitérna gloria,  
Qui vitam sine término  
Nobis donet in pátria.

Amen.

**O** SAVING Victim, open-  
ing wide [below !  
The gate of heaven to man  
Our foes press on from every  
side ;  
Thine aid supply, thy  
strength bestow.

To thy great name be end-  
less praise,  
Immortal Godhead, one in  
three. [days  
O grant us endless length of  
In our true native land  
with thee. Amen.

The Litany of the Blessed Virgin usually follows, or one of Nos. 82 to 86. When there is a procession, see 29.

80

*Litany of the Blessed Virgin.*

**K**YRIE eléison.  
*Kyrie eléison.*  
Christe eléison.  
*Christe eléison.*  
Kyrie eléison.  
*Kyrie eléison.*  
Pater de cœlis Deus,  
*Miserére nobis.*  
Fili, Redemptor mundi  
Deus,  
*Miserére nobis.*  
Spíritus sancte Deus,  
*Miserére nobis.*  
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,  
*Miserére nobis.*

**L**ORD, have mercy.  
*Lord, have mercy.*  
Christ, have mercy.  
*Christ, have mercy.*  
Lord, have mercy.  
*Lord, have mercy.*  
God the Father of heaven,  
*Have mercy on us.*  
God the Son, Redeemer of  
the world,  
*Have mercy on us.*  
God the Holy Ghost,  
*Have mercy on us.*  
Holy Trinity, one God,  
*Have mercy on us.*

Sancta Maria,  
 Sancta Dei Génitrix,  
 Sancta Virgo Víginum,  
 Mater Christi,  
 Mater divínæ grátiae,  
 Mater puríssima,  
 Mater castíssima,  
 Mater invioláta,  
 Mater intemeráta,  
 Mater amábilis,  
 Mater admirábilis,  
 Mater Creatóris,  
 Mater Salvatóris,  
 Virgo prudentíssima,  
 Virgo veneránda,  
 Virgo prædicánda,  
 Virgo potens,  
 Virgo clemens,  
 Virgo fidélis,  
 Spéculum justítiæ,  
 Sedes sapiéntiæ,  
 Causa nostræ lætítiæ,  
 Vas spirituale,  
 Vas honorábile,  
 Vas insigne devotiónis,

Rosa mystica,  
 Turris Davidica,  
 Turris ebúrnea,  
 Domus áurea,  
 Foéderis arca,  
 Jánua cœli,  
 Stella matutína,  
 Salus infirmórum,  
 Refúgium peccatórum,  
 Consolátrix afflictórum,  
 Auxílium Christianórum,  
 Regína Angelórum,  
 Regína Patriarchárum,  
 Regína Prophetárum,  
 Regína Apostolórum,

Holy Mary,  
 Holy Mother of God,  
 Holy Virgin of virgins,  
 Mother of Christ,  
 Mother of divine grace,  
 Mother most pure,  
 Mother most chaste,  
 Mother inviolate,  
 Mother undefiled,  
 Mother most amiable,  
 Mother most admirable,  
 Mother of our Creator,  
 Mother of our Saviour,  
 Virgin most prudent,  
 Virgin most venerable,  
 Virgin most renowned,  
 Virgin most powerful,  
 Virgin most merciful,  
 Virgin most faithful,  
 Mirror of justice,  
 Seat of wisdom,  
 Cause of our joy,  
 Spiritual vessel,  
 Vessel of honour,  
 Vessel of singular devo-  
 tion,

Mystical rose,  
 Tower of David,  
 Tower of ivory,  
 House of gold,  
 Ark of the covenant,  
 Gate of heaven,  
 Morning star,  
 Health of the sick,  
 Refuge of sinners,  
 Comforter of the afflicted,  
 Help of Christians,  
 Queen of Angels,  
 Queen of Patriarchs,  
 Queen of Prophets,  
 Queen of Apostles,

*Ora pro nobis.*

*Pray for us.*



Regína Martyrúm,  
 Regína Confessorúm,  
 Regína Virgínium,  
 Regína Sanctorúm ómnium,  
 Regína sine labe origináli  
 concépta,  
 Regína sacratíssimi Rosárii,

*Ora pro nobis.*

Queen of Martyrs,  
 Queen of Confessors,  
 Queen of Virgins,  
 Queen of all Saints,  
 Queen conceived without  
 original sin,  
 Queen of the most holy  
 Rosary,

*Pray for us.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
 cáta mundi,

*Parce nobis, Dómine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
 cáta mundi,

*Exáudi nos, Dómine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
 cáta mundi,

*Miserére nobis.*

*V. Ora pro nobis, sancta  
 Dei Génitrix.*

*R. Ut digni efficiámur  
 promissionibus Christi.*

Lamb of God, who takest  
 away the sins of the world,  
*Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest  
 away the sins of the world,  
*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest  
 away the sins of the world,  
*Have mercy on us.*

*V. Pray for us, O holy  
 Mother of God.*

*R. That we may be made  
 worthy of the promises of  
 Christ.*

Then is said the prayer according to the season.

## 81

### *Tantum ergo Sacramentum.*

**T**ANTUM ergo Sacramén-  
 tum

Venerémur cernui :

Et antiquum documéntum

Novo cedat rítui :

Præstet fides suppleméntum

Sénsuum deféctui.

**W**HEREFORE this dread  
 Host adoring, [due ;

Let us bend with reverence

Let the ancient rite departing

Yield and fade before the

new ; [plying

Faith alone the proof sup-

Which the senses fail to

view.

Genitóri, Genitóque  
 Laus et jubilátio,

Unto the Sire and Son eternal  
 Praise and jubilation sing;

Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio :  
Procedenti ab utrôque  
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

Saving health, immortal  
honour, [bring;  
Glory, might and blessing  
And the same unto the Spirit  
Who from both doth equal  
spring. Amen.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis.

V. Thou didst give them  
bread from heaven.

R. Omne delectamentum  
in se habentem.

R. Containing in itself  
all sweetness.

*In Paschal time, Alleluia.*

OREMUS.

DEUS qui nobis sub Sacraménto mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriâ reliquisti : tribue, quaesumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari; ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jûgiter sentiamus. Qui vivis, et regnas, etc. Amen.

LET US PRAY.

O GOD, who, in this wonderful Sacrament, hast left us a memorial of thy passion; grant us, we beseech thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of thy body and blood, that we may ever feel within us the fruit of thy redemption. Who livest, etc. Amen.

## 82

*Adoremus.*

ADOREMUS in ætérnum sanctíssimum Sacraméntum.

Laudáte Dóminum, omnes gentes : \* laudáte eum, omnes pópuli.

Quóniam confirmáta est super nos misericórdia ejus : \* et véritas Dómini manet in ætérnum.

Glória Patri, etc.

Adoremus in ætérnum sanctíssimum Sacraméntum.

LET us adore for ever the Most Holy Sacrament.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations : praise him, all ye people.

For his mercy is confirmed upon us : and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Let us adore for ever the Most Holy Sacrament.

*Rhyme of St. Thomas Aquinas.*

A DORO te devôte, latens Déitas,  
 Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas :  
 Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,  
 Quia te contémplans totum déficit.  
 Ave Jesu, pastor fidélium,  
 Adaúge fidem ómnium in te credéntium.

Visus, gustus, tactus, in te fállitur,  
 Sed auditu solo tuto créditur :  
 Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius :  
 Nil hoc veritátis verbo vérius.  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

In cruce latébat sola Déitas ;  
 At hic latet simul et humánitas :  
 Ambo tamen credens, atque cónfítens,  
 Peto quod petívit latro pœnitens.  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor,  
 Deum tamen meum te confíteor.  
 Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,  
 In te spem habére, te dilígere.  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

O memoriále mortis Dómini!  
 Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini,  
 Præsta meæ menti de te vívere,  
 Et te illi semper dulçe sápere.  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,  
 Me immúndum munda tuo sánguine,  
 Cujus una stilla salvum fácere  
 Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere :  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspício,  
 Oro fiat illud quod tam sítio :  
 Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,  
 Visu sim beatus tuæ glóriæ.  
 Ave Jesu, etc.

83 (*Translation.*)*Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.*

THEE prostrate I adore, the Deity that lies [eyes ;  
 Beneath these humble veils concealed from human  
 My heart doth wholly yield, subjected to thy sway,  
 For contemplating thee it wholly faints away.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; do thou, good Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Increase in all true hearts the faith they fondly keep.

The sight, the touch, the taste, in thee are here deceived ;  
 But by the ear alone this truth is safe believed ;  
 I hold whate'er the Son of God hath said to me ;  
 Than this blest word of truth no word can truer be.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

Upon the cross thy Godhead only was concealed ;  
 But here thy manhood too doth lie as deeply veiled ;  
 And yet, in both these truths confessing my belief,  
 I pray as prayed to thee the poor repentant thief.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

I see not with mine eyes thy wounds, as Thomas saw ;  
 Yet own thee for my God with equal love and awe ;  
 Oh grant me, that my faith may ever firmer be,  
 That all my hope and love may still repose in thee.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

Memorial sweet, that shows the death of my dear Lord ;  
 Thou living bread, that life dost unto man afford ;  
 Oh grant, that this my soul may ever live on thee,  
 That thou mayest evermore its only sweetness be.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

O mystic pelican, Jesu, my loving Lord,  
 Cleanse me of my defilements in thy blood adored,  
 Whereof one only drop, in thy sweet mercy spilt,  
 Would have the power to cleanse the world of all its guilt.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

O Jesu, lying here concealed before mine eye,  
 I pray thou grant me that for which I ceaseless sigh,  
 To see the vision clear of thine unveiled face,  
 Blest with the glories bright that fill thy dwelling-place.

Hail, Jesus, hail ; etc.

## 84

*Ave verum Corpus.*

AVE verum Corpus natum  
De Mariæ Virgine,  
Vere passum, immolatum  
In cruce pro homine.

Cujus latus perforatum  
Unda fluxit et sanguine,  
Esto nobis prægustatum  
Mortis in examine.

O clemens, O pie,  
O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ.

HAIL to thee! true Body,  
sprung  
From the Virgin Mary's womb,  
The same that on the cross was  
hung, [doom.  
And bore for man the bitter

Thou whose side was pierced,  
and flowed [blood,  
Both with water and with  
Suffer us to taste of thee  
In our life's last agony.

Son of Mary, Jesu blest,  
Sweetest, gentlest, holiest!

## 85

*Inviolata, intacta, et casta es.*

INVIOLOTA, intácta, et casta  
es, Mariæ,  
Quæ es effecta fúlgida cœli  
porta.  
O Mater alma, Christi charis-  
sima,  
Súscipe pia laudum præcónia.  
Nostra ut pura pectora sint et  
córpora,  
Te nunc flágitant devóta corda  
et ora.  
Tua per precáta dulcisona,  
Nobis concédas véniam per  
sæcula.  
O benígna, quæ sola invioláta  
permansisti.

SPOTLESS and pure, Mary  
immaculate,  
Now high exalted heaven's  
shining gate:  
Christ's own beloved Mother,  
deign to take  
Our hymnal praise for thy dear  
Son's sweet sake.  
See, loving hearts and tongues  
entreat that we  
In mind and body may be chaste  
like thee.  
O gracious Queen, preserved  
alone from sin,  
By thy sweet prayers forgive-  
ness for us win.

86

*Te Deum laudamus.*

**TE** Deum laudamus: \* te  
Dóminum confitemur.

Te ætérnum Patrem \*  
omnis terra venerátur.

Tibi omnes ángeli, \* tibi  
cœli, et univérse potestátes:

Tibi Chérubim et Séra-  
phim \* incessábili voce pro-  
clámant:

Sanctus,  
Sanctus,  
Sanctus, \* Dóminus Deus  
Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt cœli et terra \*  
majestátis glóriæ tuæ.

Te gloriósus \* Apostoló-  
rum chorus,

Te Prophetárum \* laudá-  
bilis númerus,

Te Mártyrum candidátus  
\* laudat exércitus.

Te per orbem terrárum \*  
sancta confitétur Ecclésia.

Patrem \* imménsæ majes-  
tátis.

Venerándum tuum verum  
\* et únicum Fílium.

Sanctum quoque \* Pará-  
clitum Spíritum.

Tu Rex glóriæ, \* Christe.

Tu Patria \* sempitérnus  
es Fílius.

**WE** praise thee, O God;  
we acknowledge thee  
to be the Lord.

All the earth doth wor-  
ship thee, the Father ever-  
lasting.

To thee all Angels cry  
aloud, the heavens and all  
the powers therein:

To thee Cherubim and  
Seraphim continually do  
cry:

Holy,  
Holy,  
Holy, Lord God of Sa-  
baoth.

Heaven and earth are full  
of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious choir of the  
Apostles praise thee.

The admirable company  
of the Prophets praise thee.

The white-robed army of  
Martyrs praise thee.

The Holy Church through-  
out all the world doth  
acknowledge thee.

The Father of an infinite  
majesty.

Thine adorable, true, and  
only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost, the  
Comforter.

Thou art the King of  
glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting  
Son of the Father.

H

Tu ad liberándum suscep-  
túrus hóminem, \* non hor-  
ruísti Vírginis úterum.

Tu devícto mortis acúleo,  
\* aperuísti credéntibus reg-  
na cœlórum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes,  
\* in glória Patris.

Judex cróderis \* esse ven-  
túrus.

When thou didst take  
upon thee to deliver man,  
thou didst not abhor the  
Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst over-  
come the sting of death, thou  
didst open the kingdom of  
heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right  
hand of God in the glory of  
the Father.

We believe that thou shalt  
come to be our Judge.

*Here all kneel.*

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis  
fámulis súbveni, \* quos pre-  
tíoso ságuine redemísti.

Ætérna fac cum sanctis  
tuis \* in glória numerári.

Salvum fac pópulum  
tuum, Dómine, \* et bénedic  
hæreditáti tuæ.

Et rege eos, \* et extólle  
illos, usque in ætérnum.

Per síngulos dies \* bene-  
dícimus te.

Et laudámus nomen tuum  
in sæculum, \* et in sæculum  
sæculi.

Dignáre, Dómine, die isto,  
\* sine peccáto nos custodíre.

Miserére nostri, Dómine :  
\* miserére nostri.

Fiat misericórdia tua, Dó-  
mine, super nos : \* quemád-  
modum sperávimus in te.

In te, Dómine, sperávi ; \*  
non confúndar in ætérnum.

We pray thee, therefore,  
help thy servants whom  
thou hast redeemed with  
thy precious blood.

Make them to be num-  
bered with thy saints in  
glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people,  
and bless thine inheritance.

Govern them and lift  
them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify  
thee.

And we praise thy name  
for ever ; yea, for ever and  
ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this  
day to keep us without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon  
us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be  
shewed upon us, as we have  
hoped in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I  
hoped ; let me not be con-  
founded for ever.

# Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus.

87

**KYRIE** eléison.

*Kyrie eléison.*

Christe eléison.

*Christe eléison.*

Kyrie eléison.

*Kyrie eléison.*

Jesu audi nos.

*Jesu exaudi nos.*

Pater de coelis Deus,

*Miserere nobis.*

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,

Spiritus sancte Deus,

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,

Jesu, Fili Dei vivi,

Jesu, splendor Patris,

Jesu, candor lucis æternæ,

Jesu, Rex glóriæ,

Jesu, Sol justitiæ,

Jesu, Fili Mariæ Virginis,

Jesu, amabilis,

Jesu, admirabilis,

Jesu, Deus fortis,

Jesu, Pater futuri sæculi,

Jesu, magni consilii Angele,

Jesu, potentissime,

Jesu, patientissime,

Jesu, obedientissime,

Jesu, mitis et humilis corde,

Jesu, amator castitatis,

Jesu, amator noster,

Jesu, Deus pacis,

Jesu, auctor vitæ,

Jesu, exemplar virtutum,

Jesu, zelator animarum,

Jesu, Deus noster,

**LORD**, have mercy.

*Lord, have mercy.*

Christ, have mercy.

*Christ, have mercy.*

Lord, have mercy.

*Lord, have mercy.*

Jesus, hear us.

*Jesus, graciously hear us.*

God the Father of heaven,

*Have mercy on us.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Jesus, Son of the living God,

Jesus, splendour of the

Father,

Jesus, brightness of eternal light,

Jesus, King of Glory,

Jesus, Sun of justice,

Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary,

Jesus, most amiable,

Jesus, most admirable,

Jesus, mighty God,

Jesus, Father of the world to come,

Jesus, Angel of great counsel,

Jesus, most powerful,

Jesus, most patient,

Jesus, most obedient,

Jesus, meek and humble of heart,

Jesus, lover of chastity,

Jesus, lover of us,

Jesus, God of peace,

Jesus, author of life,

Jesus, example of virtues,

Jesus, zealous lover of souls,

Jesus, our God,

*Miserere nobis.*

*Have mercy on us.*



Jesu, refúgium nostrum,  
Jesu, Pater páuperum,  
Jesu, thesáurus fidélium,

Jesu, bone Pastor,  
Jesu, lux vera,  
Jesu, sapiéntia ætérna,  
Jesu, bónitas infinita,  
Jesu, via et vita nostra,  
Jesu, gaúdium angelórum,  
Jesu, Rex Patriarchárum,  
Jesu, Magister Apostolórum,  
Jesu, Doctor Evangelistárum,

Jesu, fortitúdo Mártyrum,  
Jesu, lumen Confessórum,  
Jesu, puritas Virginum,  
Jesu, coróna Sanctorum óm-  
nium,

Propítius esto,  
*Parce nobis, Jesu.*

Propítius esto.  
*Exáudi nos, Jesu.*

Ab omni malo,  
Ab omni peccáto,  
Ab ira tua,  
Ab insidiis diáboli,  
A spiritu fornicatiónis,

A morte perpétua,  
A negléctu inspiratiónum tuá-  
rum,

Per mystérium sanctæ incar-  
natiónis tuæ,  
Per nativitátem tuam,  
Per infántiam tuam,  
Per diviníssimam vitam tuam.

Per labóres tuos,  
Per agoniam et passióem  
tuam,  
Per crucem et derelictiόem  
tuam,  
Per langúores tuos,

Per mortem et sepultúram  
tuam,  
Per resurrectiόem tuam,

Jesus, our refuge,  
Jesus, Father of the poor,  
Jesus, treasure of the faith-  
ful,

Jesus, good Shepherd,  
Jesus, true Light,  
Jesus, Eternal Wisdom,  
Jesus, infinite goodness,  
Jesus, our Way and our Life,  
Jesus, joy of angels,  
Jesus, King of Patriarchs,  
Jesus, Master of Apostles,  
Jesus, Teacher of Evange-  
lists,

Jesus, strength of Martyrs,  
Jesus, light of Confessors,  
Jesus, purity of Virgins,  
Jesus, crown of all Saints,

Be merciful unto us,  
*Spare us, O Jesus.*

Be merciful unto us,  
*Graciously hear us, O Jesus.*

From all evil,  
From all sin,  
From thy wrath,  
From the snares of the devil,  
From the spirit of unclea-  
ness,

From everlasting death,  
From the neglect of thy in-  
spirations,

Through the mystery of thy  
holy incarnation,  
Through thy nativity,  
Through thine infancy,  
Through thy most divine  
life,

Through thy labours,  
Through thine agony and  
passion,  
Through thy cross and dere-  
liction,  
Through thy weariness and  
faintness,

Through thy death and  
burial,  
Through thy resurrection,

*Miserere nobis.*

*Libera nos, Jesu.*

*Have mercy upon us.*

*Jesus, deliver us.*

Per ascensionem tuam,  
*Libera nos, Jesu.*  
 Per gaudia tua,  
*Libera nos, Jesu.*  
 Per gloriam tuam,  
*Libera nos, Jesu.*  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
 mundi,  
*Parce nobis, Jesu.*  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
 mundi,  
*Exaudi nos, Jesu.*  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
 mundi,  
*Miserere nobis, Jesu.*  
 Jesu, audi nos.  
*Jesu, exaudi nos.*

## OREMUS.

**D**OMINE Jesu Christe, qui dixisti, 'Petite, et accipietis; quaerite, et invenientis; pulsate, et aperiétur vobis;' quaesumus, da nobis peténtibus divinissimi tui amoris affectum, ut te toto corde, oré et opere diligamus, et a tua nunquam laude cessemus.

Sancti nómínis tui, Domine, timórem páriter et amórem fac nos habére perpétuum: quia nunquam tua gubernatióne destítuís, quos in solíditate tuæ dilectiόνis instituí. Per Dominum. Amen.

Through thine ascension,  
*Jesu, deliver us.*  
 Through thy joys,  
*Jesu, deliver us.*  
 Through thy glory,  
*Jesu, deliver us.*  
 Lamb of God, who takest away  
 the sins of the world,  
*Spare us, O Jesus.*  
 Lamb of God, who takest away  
 the sins of the world,  
*Graciously hear us, O Jesus.*  
 Lamb of God, who takest away  
 the sins of the world,  
*Have mercy on us, O Jesus.*  
 Jesu, hear us.  
*Jesu, graciously hear us.*

## LET US PRAY.

**O** LORD Jesus Christ, who hast said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;' give, we beseech thee, to us who ask, the grace of thy most divine love, that with all our heart, words, and works, we may love thee, and never cease to praise thee.

Make us, O Lord, to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy Name; for thou never failest to govern those whom thou dost solidly establish in thy love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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